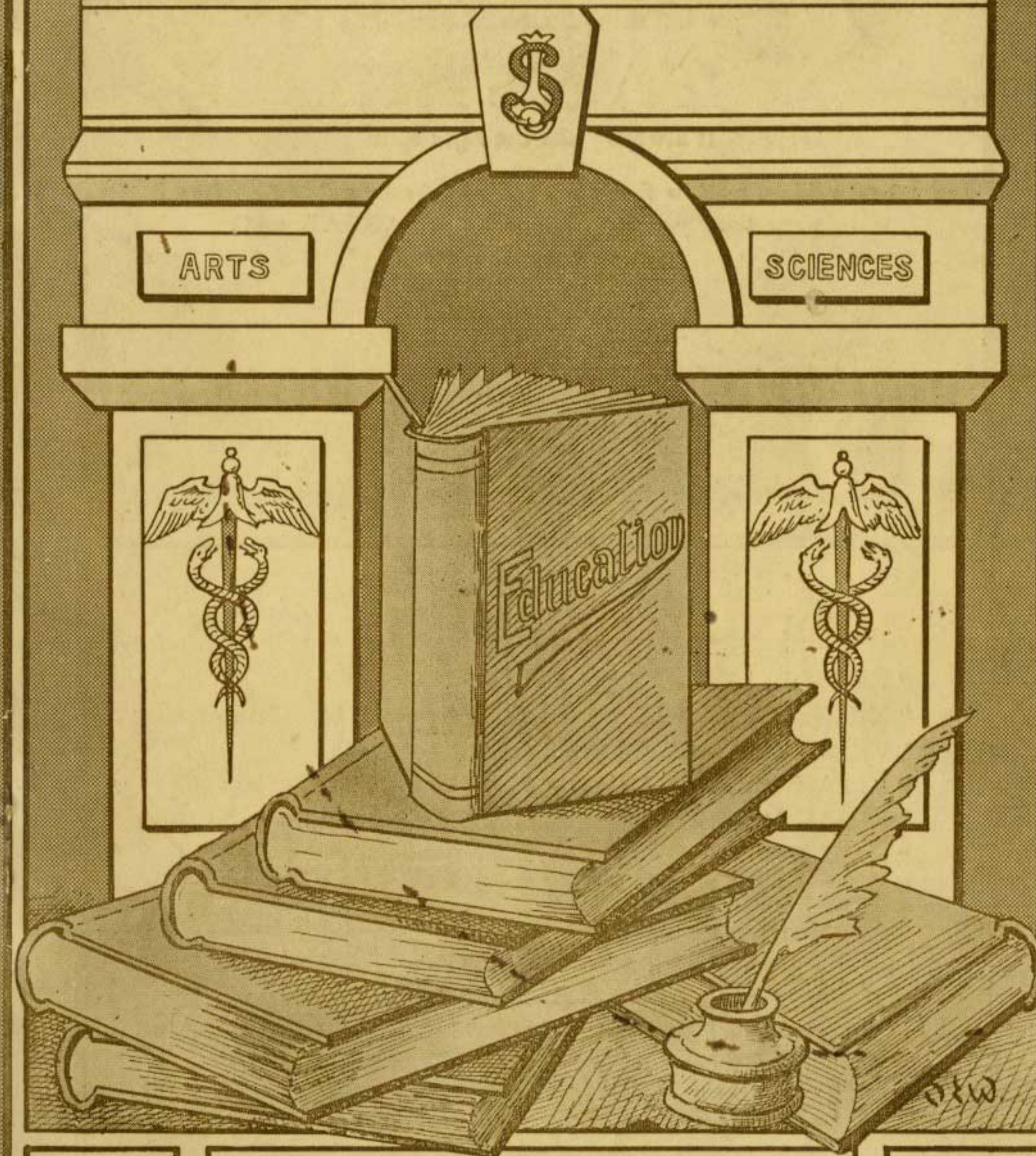


FORWARD



Vol. IX
No. 1

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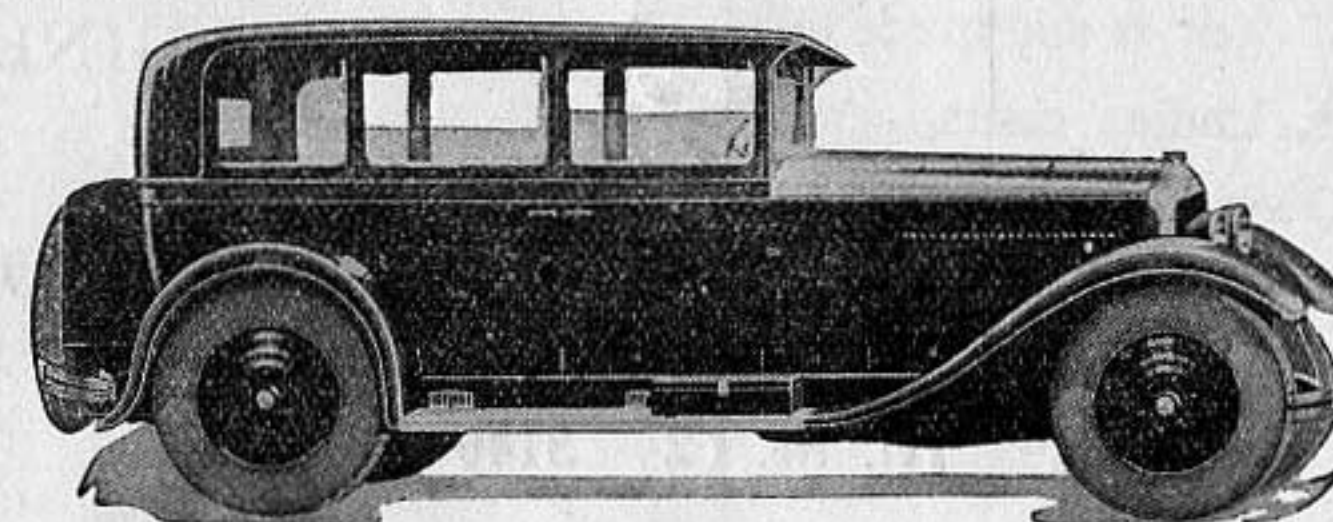
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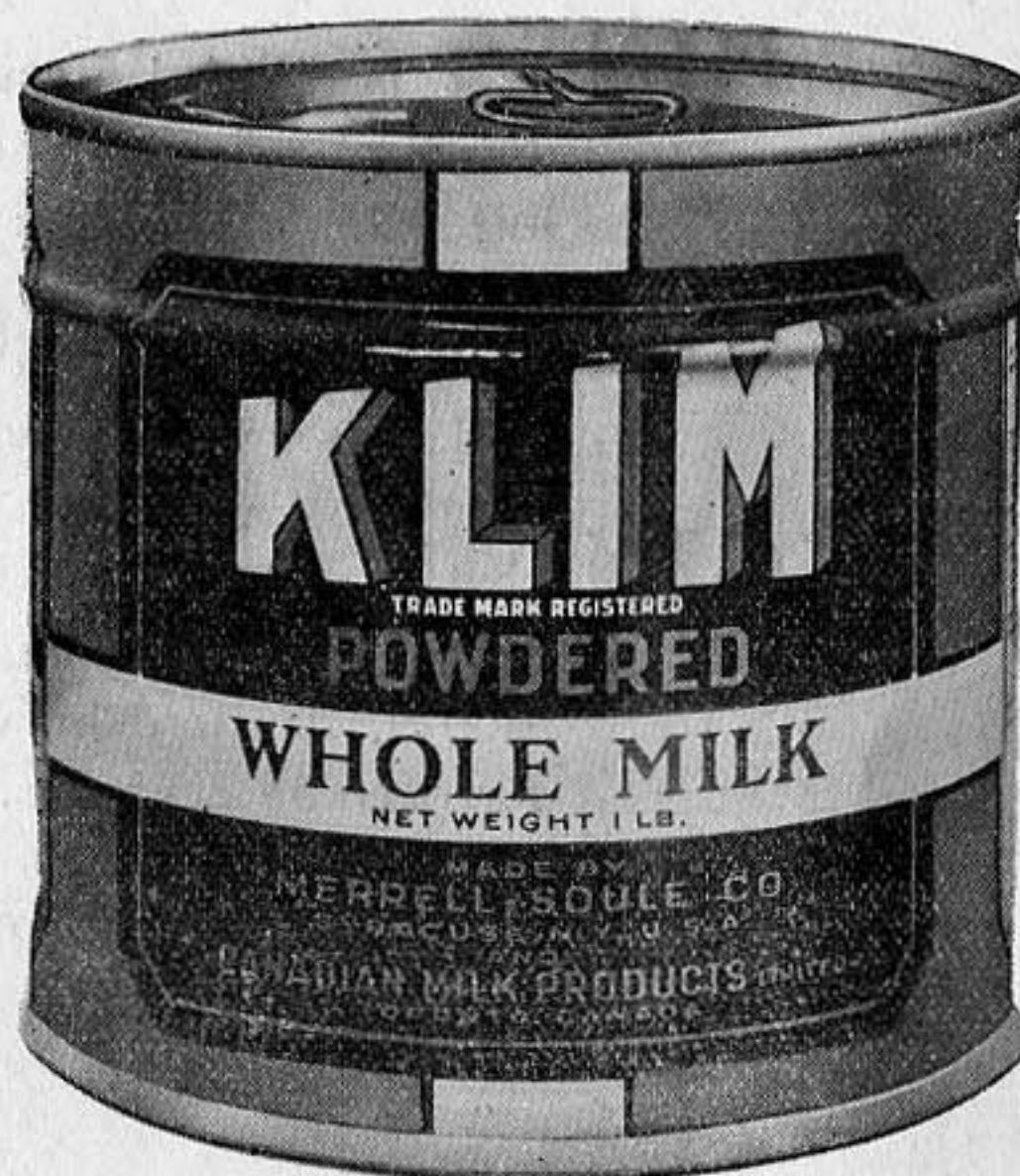
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Noël

A bright line shines upon the plain,
Where shepherds tend their sheep,
'Tis first Noël! the angels sing
With voices calm and deep.

The summoned shepherds come with fear,
To witness such a sight;
The angels bid them not to dread,
For He is born tonight.

They see a wondrous star on high
Which shines all through the night
Nor passes from their patient gaze
The radiant heavenly light.

Three Wise Men fare from Orient forth
To seek the King unknown;
Pursue the vision of the skies
Through its celestial zone.

O'er Bethlehem it takes its rest
The town where Jesus lay;
Cradled there in swaddling clothes,
His couch the fragrant hay.

Those Wise Men three come in and lay
Some offerings at His feet;
With gold and myrrh and frankincense
The Savior do they greet.

T. d'Aquino '30



Measure for Measure

By Hiroshi Oka '30

KUMOEMON'S large figure cringed closer to his hibachi and he stretched his purple fingers over the glowing charcoal. "How cold it is!" he muttered. Notwithstanding, however, the cold weather that chilled him without, his heart leaped joyfully within for business was reaping him fortunes. He was thinking how his credits had mounted high in the past year, and was not a little surprised at the big figures. From these pleasant pecuniary ruminations, his mind strayed to an event that had taken place but a few days ago. His neighbor, one Konosuke, had watched with increasing jealousy the booming trade of Kumoemon next-door; jealousy begot ill-feeling and this, in turn, begot antagonism. So it came about that they had a pass of hard words in the street in front of their houses. Konosuke, borne on the tide of jealousy, said in very plain words that before long, Kumoemon's business would not be so flourishing as before. As the latter had taken the taunt for a joke, he passed a remark or so about the weather, and contemptuously brushed by. Still as Kumoemon reflected over this little dialogue, he feared the small and emaciated Konosuke for he was one of the most influential men in this village and had power enough to carry out his threats however vague they might be. His mind was beset by such questions as: "How could Konosuke harm his trade? What reason had Konosuke for threatening him?" Kumoemon rose in desperation and shuffled out of his musty house, slipped into his geta, and hobbled away into the street. He looked back at his old dirty house, its spacious backyard with its broad ribbons of dyed cloth swinging gracefully like so many long hammocks in the cold dry wind. Having finished this scrutiny, he cast a murderous glance at his neighbor's large house, with its

everfresh garden and a lot of unused ground annexed to it. He recollected that this ground had once belonged to his own father who, being in need of money at that time, had signed a fraudulent mortgage presented by Konosuke, and had lost both money and ground at one fell swoop. Whilst revolving these thoughts, Kumoemon arrived at his friend's house. He entered, and after a game or two of "go" to relieve the tension of his mind, he sauntered back home. He slept a restless night.

The next morning as he was out in the backyard breathing the crisp morning air, he saw a squad of carpenters at work in the portion of the ground before mentioned. It was rumored about the little village that Konosuke was building a "kura" or strong house. Every morning saw the carpenters at work and every setting sun saw them disband for their respective homes. Weeks and weeks this continued making Kumoemon a worried man. The "kura" was by now nearly completed, and it shut out all the light from the backyard of the rich dyer's house. Such being the case, the long ribbons of cloth would not dry, and it became apparent that Kumoemon had a good reason for worry. He worried himself into a frenzy swearing that the matter would go to court if it cost a million yen.

And it happened that these two enemies were found disputing their rights in the very place named. Both were sweating and flushed from forensic thrust and parry.

"I solemnly declare that I have a right to build *my* 'kura' with *my* money," said Konosuke.

"But the said 'kura' spoils my business insofar that my very means

of sustenance is impaired," replied the other with great heat.

Their disputes running in such grooves, we shall not repeat their furious words.

At last the court, driven to desperation, decided for these two worthies that a man might do whatever he likes upon or with his property. What a wave of hatred surged through their souls can only be imagined from what happened later.

Kumoemon took measures not to balk directly the court's decision. The "kura" had been built very near the fence which divided the properties of each, to gratify the evil intentions of its builder—that is, to intercept all light; and as Kumoemon pondered over its proximity to his ground, he grinned with delight. The next morning he hired some workmen to dig right near the fence, and he paid them well. Money being the best talker, they dug with might and main. In a week, a deep and rather wide trench lay yawning between the fence and the house of Kumoemon. So the "kura" following the laws of nature, had leaned over a few feet towards the property of Kumoemon, ready to fall at the first opportunity. Konosuke had never slept during the past week, and had watched with bloodshot eyes the progress of the digging with a rankle in his breast. He finally summoned enough courage to see Kumoemon so that he might come to good terms with him.

He arrived at Kumoemon's house, meek as a lamb, but planning to get the better of his enemy. Kumoemon himself, grinning with joy, ushered the other in. They sat down on their cushions by the side of a hibachi. Konosuke was eyeing his antagonist furtively and was showing marked attempts to speak.

"Well?" said Kumoemon seeing the other's efforts.

"I.....er.....want to talk to you about the 'kura'," stammered out Konosuke.

"Go ahead."

"The 'kura' is in danger of falling, and I am certain that you are the cause."

"What about it?"

"I want to say that I can convict you on that cause," slyly replied Konosuke.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha," laughed back Kumoemon.

The other looked sullen, his evil intention being foiled.

When Kumoemon had got over his mirthful fit, he continued.

"Last time, when we went to court, the decision was that I could do whatever I wanted with or on my property. Is it not true?"

"Yes," admitted Konosuke.

"Now, I have always dug my own ground; can the court convict me for that?"

The other flushed with anger, seeing that his evil plan was wrecked; but being helpless managed to calm

himself and replied with genuine meekness.

"But my fortunes are in that 'kura'; will you not make terms with me?"

"Terms is the word. Money is the terms."

Konosuke was desperate, but he was a tightwad.

"But money.....I have so little of it."

"What! no money then! Your 'kura' shall fall tomorrow," retorted Kumoemon hotly.

Konosuke gulped once or twice, rubbed his eyes in a vacant manner, and said blandly:

"How much?"

Much to the gnawing chagrin of Konosuke and much to the other's unbounded delight, three hundred ryo changed hands. The "kura" with the help of ropes, tackle, and laborers, was restored to its former position, and Kumoemon sold his business and retired.

Konosuke paid a dear price in order to learn a simple lesson.

An Oriental Feast

By George G. Mayers '30

SUMMER is passed and the mornings and evenings are growing colder. The atmosphere is exhilarating. Where are all these people going? Why is Yamato so noisy? Oh yes, it is the "tenrikyo no omatsuri" (feast of the god tenrikyo). The people flock from the cities roundabout. There is excitement and continual bustle. Along the roadsides may be seen merchants selling balloons, whistles, paper birds, rosaries (without crucifix) clogs, straw sandals. Each of the merchants calls to the passers-by and asks them to come and see his goods. Such phrases and cries as, "ten sen for one bagful! Very cheap! Hai! Hai! Come on, come on please!" may be heard. These men squat around their "hibachi" and spread their brown hands over

the glowing charcoal. Their bodies are wrapt in blankets and they wear huge mufflers round their necks.

The crowd passes on laughing and singing. Some are handling different articles, whilst others enter tea houses where they sit down and smoke and drink and eat. Most of the men are drawing at their "kiseru" (rod pipe).

The men walk, not bothering about the children. Their wives walk beside them. The children hang on to their mothers' dresses and are thus pulled along. The babies are barred pickaback. Such is the happy crowd that surges through the streets of Yamato on the twenty-sixth day of November.

Finally the crowds reach the temple or "o-tera" as it called in Japan. The "o-tera" is a massive structure of wood. This temple is like a fortress. The "o-tera" itself is situated in the very center; around this edifice are grouped many boarding houses called the "tsumesho" of the temple. Here the pilgrims and worshippers live during the celebration. These lodgings can accommodate thousands of persons. They are a village in themselves.

Early in the morning the drums roll. People hasten to the temple. When all have seated themselves the music begins. Some play the flute, whilst others play the "okoto" (kind of a harp) and the rest clap pieces of wood or brass together; or, beat drums. A long line of priests, (ten in number) are seen walking slowly and solemnly up the long corridor some hundred yards in length. The priests or "kannushi" as they are known, wear tall perforated hats very much like a basket

in appearance. Their bodies are clothed in white flowing garments of silk with cords for belts. Over this dress is a kind of cloak that reaches to the ground. Short stilettoes dangle by their sides, while in both hands they hold a piece of wood very much in appearance like a ruler. Their feet are shod in sandals made of thick cloth. The garments of these priests resemble a good deal those of Catholic priests. Thus with bowed heads the "kannushi" advance. The people bow their heads and murmur some pious words.

The altar is reached. The altar again bears a striking resemblance to the altar in a Catholic church. In the center is the locked tabernacle. In front of this "sort of box" is a round piece of copper which is there to signify that the eye of the god sees everything. Around this box are innumerable candelsticks made of brass. On the altar are placed offerings such as "osonai" (cake made of rice) fruits, vegetables etc. When the priests arrive at the altar, the second priest takes a manuscript and reads a scripture in a solemn voice like a druid of old. When he finishes reading, the first or highpriest opens the tabernacle and he in turn reads another manuscript. When this is ended, the band starts again, and the people sing and bow their heads and clap their hands. The priests go back, as they had come, in solemn procession.

Similar ceremonies take place at noon and in the evening.

In this way, the people pass their time for three days; thereafter they take their departure. Again the streets of Yamato are filled with the "saintly" crowd. If only these people knew the true Faith!

"Hiker Joys"

By the Hikers



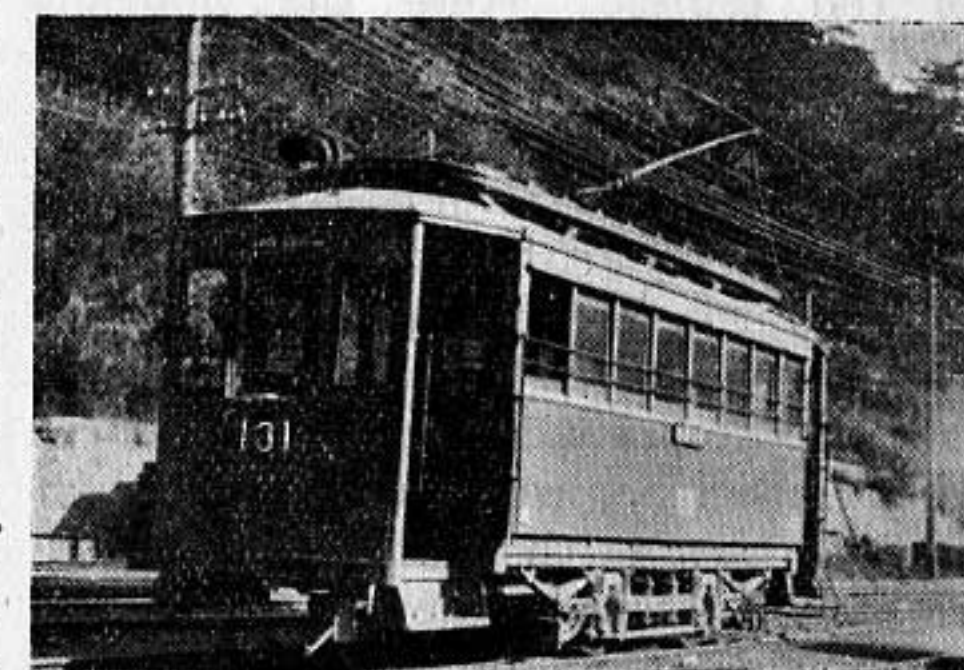
Our Destination

ON November 5th. College reveille came an hour earlier than usual and on the wings of excitement. We jumped into our hiking togs and brogans, washed in double-quick, gulped breakfast and dashed for Yokohama station to catch the Six Fifty-one. The Six Fifty-one would bring the whole pack of us to Yamakita, a fine base for lovers of the picturesque Hakone mountains. But some of the pack, those of more enduring legs, had planned a more extended hike than the younger rank and file, and this is the burden of our song.

When the train lumbered into the station amid the creaking of brakes and the shouts of the provision-venders, we filed into it and composed ourselves for the hour and a half ride. After a few fits of speed, the Six Fifty-one was the Eight-twenty and had brought us to Odawara. Here the Senior excursionists transferred.

When we had filed out of Odawara junction, our guide indicated an adjoining old barrack as the next starting station. We bought our

tickets at a prohibitive price from a bespectacled ancient who must somehow have forgotten to give one of us either ticket or change. After a lot of trouble with the station Mathusalem, we stepped out onto a dirty platform strewn with orange peels, paper and rubbish. Having paid such a good round sum for our ticket, we naturally thought we were to be conveyed on a powerful palatial car. Alas! at sight, we were aware that the ancient at the ticket office and this ancient contraption before us were somehow connected. Its once round wheels rested obliquely on a rusty pair of rails, its few springs were coated with the dust of ages; the woodwork lay bare in many parts and the patches on the roof formed a design in themselves. We cautiously slipped into it one by one for fear it would collapse, and settled down in its springless seats.



No. 131

Anon, it was seized with a violent fit of tremor and bounded on like a racehorse. It wormed its tottering way thru the quaint town, and traced its drunken path up the hillside. When we had finally arrived

at the summit of the hill, the car zoomed downward at a terrific rate, promising death to any unlucky animal that might be gamboling on the tracks; the chassis swayed in all directions and we insiders were treated to so highly a diversified assortment of jolts, that we simply can't live ever to experience the like again.

There was about 20 minutes of this rough-riding, sidetracking, slowing up (to let some dogs cross the tracks) and then whisking away again. Before we had time to recover from a final parting jolt, the car creaked to an unceremonious stop at Yumoto. With undisguised relief we filed out of the old rattlebox that had provoked mirthful comment from even the voiceless clams among our jolly group. Memorable date November 5th! Memorable ride in No. 131.

After being obliged to wait for a full half hour, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the expected conveyance. It was a "modern climber" that is, a high-powered, specially equipped tram that was to carry us to Gora. Unlike the incomparable 131, it bore a lucky seven on its long side. At just the appointed time, the electric began its forward movement with a loud grinding noise. Had we not known that the car moved thru the agency of electricity, we would probably have believed that the noise had frightened it into motion. Number seven zigzagged up the fair mountainside with fair speed and crooked course, and stopped leisurely at every turn—there were about five—to reverse for the new ascent. The car progressed leisurely enough to allow us to feast our eyes on the grand mountains whose sides we all but

grazed as we lumbered higher and higher. There was one little incommodity. As the car had "mutual-admiration" seats, we were obliged to crane our necks to look out of the window; luckily we got by with nothing more than a crick in the neck. After grinding, rattling and lumbering up, up, up for over half an hour, it finally brought us safely to Gora, the hiking base for the more enduring legs.



O-Jigoku

Once on our legs at Gora, we began the strenuous climb. We walked along the cable-car track, and then trailed the mountain paths. These go winding up the hill so that more walking was done than was really necessary. The big stones on the road checked our speed; and many a Senior or Junior found himself suddenly seated. There was more than one hiker who would have gladly got on the "kago" (basket for carrying people). The paths ran along edges of breathtaking precipices, and menacing upper ledges. Far down in the valley leaped the yellow stream. As we got higher and higher into the mountains, the unpleasant odor of sulfur was wafted to our nostrils. There, far in the distance, the creamy vapors were ballooning up

the hills. Some of the boys were almost suffocating; at places they ran thru the sulfur clouds, for it was intolerable. In spite of this, the summit was gained. And here are the legs that got to "O-Jigoku" and were then less than half through with that day's assignment of road pounding.

Our Joke Editor lived up to his name by joking all along the way. He proved to be an ideal guide. He cracked a grim one by missing No. 131 to begin with, and letting us wonder about his bright idea. His frequent visits to peanut shops—so the boys made believe—kept us waiting from time to time along the road. When all were lined up to hear the click of the camera, the Editor again was not present. The boys had to wait in the sulfur fumes, and many were the jabs taken at our noble guide. But hush, he has just reclined on the ground and so here we are.



Sulfur With a Vengeance

We began our autumn excursion to Hakone with a surfeit of riding. After an hour's ride on a crazy little electric-car, another half-hour's ride on a car which, though powerful had to go at a snail's pace, we at last had chance to use our two legs. After getting off at a crampy old station, which seemed to retain its perpen-

dicular only through the power of the Almighty, we prepared to climb a steep hill which rose before us. The further we toiled up the hill the more did we get into the all pervading smell. At first a tiny hot sulfur spring had been the cause of the smell, then the wind, which wafting down to us this smell seemed trying in its whispering manner to give us a premonition of what was to follow.

We tramped for another half-hour, and arrived at the jets. The smell of sulfur began to attack our nostrils with increasing vigour. But the sight was not as awe-inspiring as its name of Big Hell. True there was a certain ugliness about it. The valley, if the little depression could be called by such a name, filled with the sulfur vapour might at first sight have a resemblance to the place from which its name was derived. But this was all. When we look to the cause of the vapour, all the illusions about the hot place disappear. Hell would be more terrible than those many little holes in the ground, their edges crusted with the yellow substance and from which issued hissing clouds of vapour.

To me if the sight failed to arouse thoughts of the demon's residence, at least the smell did.

The smell of sulfur was overpowering. It seemed to eat through one's lungs. I marveled at the people who could stay for any length of time in that inferno of smell, much less eat in it as someone dared to suggest. Luckily for me, we did not stay there to take our tiffin, or else not a morsel of food would have gone into my mouth that day. Even while I was taking my tiffin at the foot of the mountain, the food smelt of sulfur. In going home, the smoke from the locomotive smelt of sulfur. Even now

I sometimes have the smell of sulfur, as if somehow my brains had got lined with it and the reserve supply was now being exhaled.



The Lunch En Route

We left Big Hell as fast as our legs could convey us. While we were on the top of the mountain the view was superb. On the right, mighty Fujisan towered high above all the neighboring mountains. We took in Lake Hakone with its placid water shimmering in the sunlight. Before our eyes vast plains rolled away towards the king of the mountains.

We headed straight for the lake which was a good five miles down the mountain side. Our sulphurous thoughts soon vanished and we had to relieve the increasing bulimea brought on by an auroral breakfast and several hours of hiking. There were shady nooks which invited us to draw aside for a noonday halt but we chose one through which a little brook ran. We had soon unslung our packs and the great event of the day was begun.

One half of the party went a little way in search of a suitable locality where they made themselves comfortable and we soon fell to. The packs

were very speedily emptied and hunger appeased. Someone in the party had taken along an onion as a panacea for any infirmity that might befall. Our lunch was honored with an onion and as Sidney Smith quotes:

"Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,

And half-suspected animate the whole."

As we had no bowl, we took this tearifying bulb just as it rolled out of the knapsack. The lunch—a mild term here—ceased as suddenly as it had begun and after taking a photo of the regaled group we packed up and were again en route for the lake.

We plodded onward for about fifteen miles, now passing thru plains, now thru valleys, now thru villages, until Yumoto. We not only did plod but we really *ran* on schedule, the which was the sole cause of making us, tho veteran walkers, tired. From Yumoto we roke to Odawara, not on No. 131, but on No. 20 which seemed to be a trifle older than the former, by the looks of half a century. When we reached Kozu, we filed out onto the platform in order to join the rest of the hikers from Yamakita. At last! the dear old train came rolling into the depot. With a wild cheer we recognized our fellow hikers from Yamakita, and plunged into the train, impatient to reach home as soon as possible. The train started in jerks, ran in jerks and stopped with a great jerk at Yokohama station, then dashed away to Tokyo with some more additional jerks. Now, we have finished our song. Let us to our beds, and dream of the happy day!

A Japanese Noble's Quest

By Geo. Kikuchi

WHEN the mournful tune of the evening bells from the Touei-zan were floating over the city of Yedo, a young samurai was seen walking on the road extending from the woods of Ueno to Hirokouji. This samurai seemed to be a higher officer in a lord's household. Two servants walked deferentially behind him. He proceeded slowly looking at the various sign-boards as if searching for a particular one. At last he stopped before one whose gilt letters stood out prominently from its dark-colored background. The house displaying this unusual sign presented a gloomy front though there seemed to be an air of bustle and prosperity about it. This house was a "kuroyaki-ya" i.e., one of few where all kinds of burnt animals are sold as medicine.

The samurai after pausing a little, entered. One of the porters, hastily shutting a book, approached him. Without preamble, the samurai haughtily began:

"Is this the house of Hikobei the 'kuroyaki-ya'?"

"Yes, lord," the clerk meekly replied.

"Is he at home?" was the next query. Upon the affirmative reply, the samurai asked to see him. A samurai's wish was not to be denied. He was requested to get up and follow the clerk. After carefully taking off his clogs, and ordering his two servants to wait for him, he pulled out his sword with its sheath from his belt and taking it in his right hand, followed the clerk. Following after the cringing form, he was at last ushered into a back

room. As he entered Hikobei bowed gravely and thrust forward a cushion.

The samurai sat down laying his sword beside him. He came to the point at once:

"I have an unusual request to make," said he; before going to the other kuroyaki-ya I have tried this house because I know that yours is the best in Yedo."

"If it is anything in our line of business, we can surely do it."

"Yes, it is in the kuroyaki line, but....." the samurai stopped as if at a loss for words.

Hikobei expectantly leaned forward.

"But it is a hard request," the samurai continued; "what I want is a cat; a black one; black from the tip of his nails to the tip of his ears, without a single white hair."

"A black cat!" Hikobei involuntarily exclaimed.

"Yes, black; can you find one?"

"Of course, lord; as long as we have a sign out, we will fill every order; we have snakes, monkeys, leopards, foxes, wolves, and as for the birds, we have every known species. But a black cat! At present we do not have any, but in two or three days I will find one."

"Then find one; but mind, there must not be a single white hair on his body; as for the price, I will pay whatever you ask."

"Yes, I understand, but will you tell me for what reason you need a black cat? We have been conducting this business for generations yet, to my knowledge, never have we had such an order."

"Oh, it is only natural that you are curious. I need it because my master Ando is very sick and having consulted a fortune-teller, was informed that he would be cured if he ate a black cat. By when can you be ready? And before you prepare the cat I want to see it."

"Tomorrow morning, if you would be pleased to come, I will show it to you."

"Then, agreed," he said rising with an air of finality, and at the same time drawing his sword a little way out of the scabbard and slamming it back. Hikobei followed him out of the room to the entrance, where he stood awhile looking at the departing figure of the samurai going down the street.

As soon as Hikobei returned to the house he gathered his servants and dispatched them to various parts of the city with instructions to go to dealers in animals and try to buy black cats at whatever price.

Two hours, three hours passed and, one by one, his servants returned hoarse from shouting for black cats, yet all reporting failure. Hikobei gradually began to lose heart. He had promised to be ready the following morning and it was already ten o'clock; moreover, the samurai had slammed his sword. If he, Hikobei, had been a samurai he would have had to die or be eternally disgraced for not keeping a promise over which the other had slammed his sword. Hikobei was not a samurai so the consequences of failure would not be so bad, yet he feared for the reputation of his establishment.

As he was staring moodily into the fire there was a faint knock at the door. Thinking it a customer he ordered a servant to open. Anon

a shabbily-dressed old woman came in. In one hand she held a basket wrapped up in a "furoshiki."

"What can I do for you?" Hikobei asked not unkindly.

"I heard that you were searching for a black cat and as I had one..."

"Where is it?" Hikobei cried eagerly.

The old woman calmly began untying her basket and as the lid was opened Hikobei gasped. Prepared though he was to see a black cat, he could not hide his astonishment. The cat was really jet black.

"How much would you give me for this?" the old woman asked.

"I will give you one 'ryo.'"

"No, not for so little."

"Two."

"No! Do you think I will sell my dear Tama for two or three 'ryo'? I am childless, and Tama is the only living thing I possess. If you give me no more, I will take him home."

"Then how much do you want?"

"A hundred 'ryo.'"

"But that is unreasonable; a hundred 'ryo' for a cat!"

"Oh, if you don't want him I will take him home; Tama, Tama, come here, you're going home with me."

Hikobei hesitated. A hundred "ryo" was no small sum but when he hesitated the angry face of the samurai rose before him. Finally, fear won.

"I will give you a hundred 'ryo.'"

The old woman after receiving the money took up the basket and without even a look at the cat, shuffled out into the night.

"A queer old woman," Hikobei muttered.

But he was glad. The samurai had promised to pay any amount. He could easily recoup three hundred "ryo."

That night, he slept soundly. Early the next morning he was ready for the samurai. He waited. He waited till the bells were again ringing their evening chime, but the samurai made not his appearance. Hikobei was in an agony of perspiration. To him every passer-by had the appearance of this curious

customer. The black cat was meowing dismally in a corner. Hikobei lost his temper. Snatching up the cat, he threw it into a pot of boiling water. Without hardly a struggle the cat sank to the bottom. But what was his surprise when the boiling water began to turn black. Taking an iron "hibashi," he lifted the cat out of the pot. Then he started back in horror. A cry of despair rose to his lips. The black cat had turned dirty gray!!

Just a Dare

By H. Salter '30

"I'M not afraid, I'm not afraid. I musn't be. But oh! what are those glowing eyes? Demon eyes? Oh tommyrot! They're only funny incense sticks." With such thoughts dashing thru his mind Keichi dragged his trembling feet farther into the village cemetery. His thoughts went back to that crowded hut in the village, the club-house of the waharengo where he had just come from. It was too silly for words. He, like the rest had been vaunting his personal courage, when one of them had challenged him to go to the graveyard in the stillness of the night. Of course, he had to go and as a proof of his achievement he had to drive a peg beside the grave of his father. That peg was grasped tightly in his hands. He looked at it with scorn. Why did his hands shake so? The night was warm, a midsummer night. He was afraid; but, there was nothing to be afraid of. Ghosts? Who believes in ghosts? Yet withal, some unknown

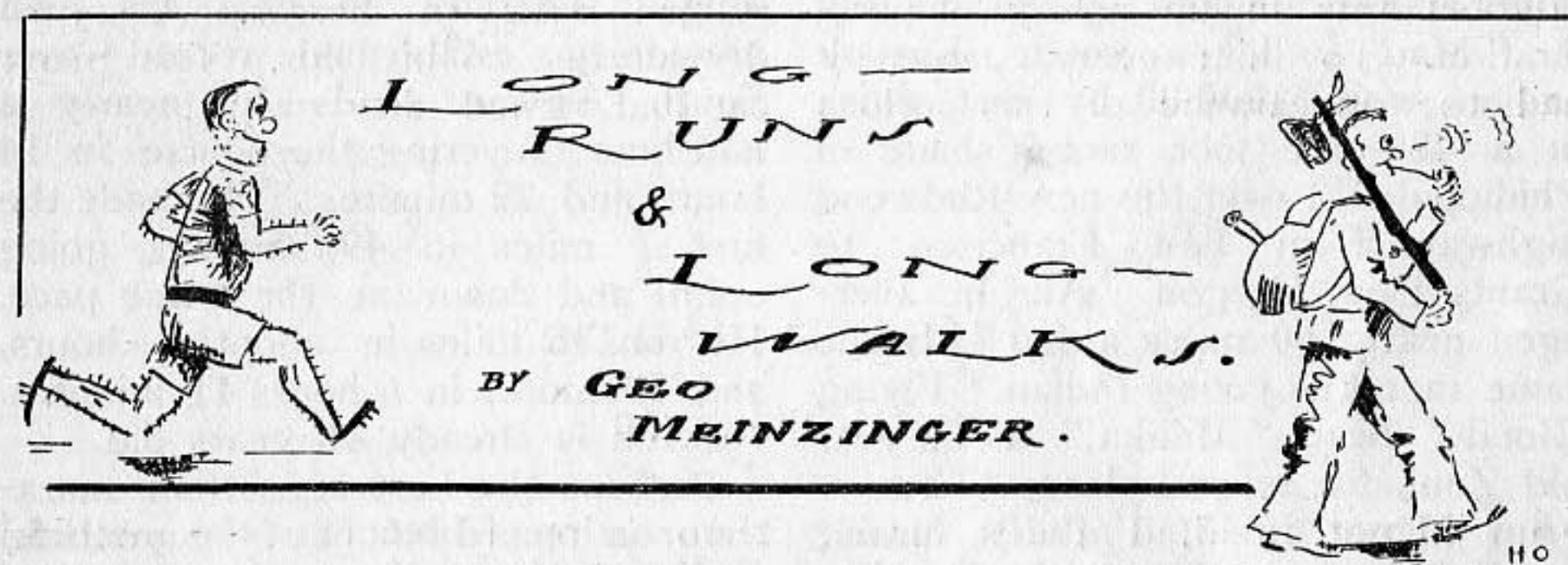
terror gripped his heart. Something cold and ghastly choked him so that he had to heave for breath. He laughed wanly, straightened his shoulders and went on. One step, two steps, three steps,—Oh what a dark night! Where was the moon? He looked upward. He stumbled and nearly fell. What was that? He dared not look behind. Should he go on? But where was his father's grave? Why, he was right beside it. He gave a sign of relief. Why, all he had to do was to drive the peg in. He lifted it and with all his strength thrust it into the ground. He turned to dash away. But something stopped him. Something was pulling at his kimono sleeve. Fear froze his heart. He pulled, tugged, and tore but it would not give way.

"Let go, let go! Forgive me!" He pulled again.....He was frenzied and wild. One vigorous lunge forward the whole tore away. He tottered a few steps and fell prone on the tombstone and lay still.

Dawn came. What had happened to him? Was there no one to care for him, no one to worry over him? Certainly there was. His mother, his brothers, and his sisters had they not searched the whole village for him? And they found where he was. Yes, in the midst of the grey tombs, on

the grave of his own father—dead!

He must have imagined that the clutch of the dead had taken hold of him instead of the peg driven through his kimono sleeve by his own hand tying him there. The agony of fear was too much for him and had brought about his tragic end.



Most of us who have delved a bit into ancient history, associate the term marathon with either the memorable battlefield whence the term is derived, or with the great Miltiades who won the battle (490 B.C.) fought there against the invading Persian hosts. For the school-boy, however, it is the side-hero of the famous field and battle that counts. Whether Phidippides ever existed or not; whether he really accomplished the incredible feat of running to Sparta, participating in the battle, and then falling dead after doing 22 additional miles in an attempt to bring the news of the victory to Athens, causes no worry to the youthful sprinter champ. Phidippides, reality or fiction, is the originator of the marathon—twenty-six miles, three hundred eighty-five yards; that is glory enough for him in the eyes of every assiduous young circler of cinder paths.

Marathons are here to stay and for the psychological reason that human pride will ever glory in physical endurance tests even as virtue glories in uncomplaining patience regarding the trials of life. And some sorts of marathon have displayed very foolish pride. Among them, the eating, dance and flagpole-sitting marathons deserve a conspicuous place. A few years ago, the Boston police thwarted a certain Frank Holl of his ambition to beat Alvin Kelly who, by means of an improvised seat, had won the odd distinction of having sat continuously on a flagpole for 12 days and 12 hours. The Boston police charged Holl with being a public nuisance and that is surely a definite charge.

But there are other kinds of marathon races that really elicit our admiration. There has been in recent times a veritable marathon wave.

Particularly during the year 1927 were physical endurance feats so frequent that the abovementioned year might appropriately be nicknamed the marathon year of marathons. Thus, on May 15 of that year, the Hopi Indian chief, Quanowahu, won the New York-to-Long Beach marathon (regulation distance of 26 miles 385 yards), making the run in 2 hours and 48 minutes. Then, on July 9, "Mad Bull," a young Karook Indian, won \$1000.00 by first finish in a 480-mile foot race (shade of Phidippides!) over the new Redwood highway from San Francisco to Grants Pass, Oregon. And he averaged nearly 60 miles a day! In the same race, the young Indian "Flying Cloud" beat "Melika," a 53-year old Zuni, for second place. There is grim humor in Mad Bull's having bought an automobile with the prize money.....Around the same time, "Tall Feather" Indian chief was reported having run from Chicago to Milwaukee, a distance of 85 miles in 19 hours. Nobody was found to blame the poor man for making such good speed out of Chicago.

July 21, still of the marathon year 1927, a marathon champion bobbed up in an altogether unexpected quarter. The 67-year old Riff, Hammouch Ben Hodge, had borne a message from Abdel Krim in 10½ hours between Athas and Oujda, cities 70 miles apart. The runner's advanced age and the rough country over which he had to make way, add not a little to the merit of the achievement.

The long runs of Paavo Nurmi are too familiar to warrant repetition. Yet hardly had he climbed to the pinnacle of racing fame than there was a new champion at hand to overclimb him. The South African

runner, Arthur Newton, made his debut at Bulawayo in August of the marathon year by running 60 miles in 7 hours and 55 seconds thus beating the world's record by nearly an hour. In January 1928, he staged the most spectacular endurance test ever held in England by running from Bear Hotel in Bath to Hyde Park in London, a distance of 100 miles. Thereby he beat his own previously established record—over South African roads—by nearly a half-hour, covering the course in 14 hours and 22 minutes. He made the first 7 miles in 49 minutes going uphill and down at the same pace. He ran 25 miles in about 3 hours, and 50 more, in 6 hours 41 minutes. Newton is already 46 years old.

Perhaps the best equestrian marathon on record is that of the youthful Buffalo Bill who, as a mere lad of fourteen, upheld the honor of the famous pony express in the early pioneer days on the American frontier. When regular riders of the express, on account of attacks from Indians, had been prevented from making their runs, young Buffalo Bill volunteered to get the mails through. It was then that he made a continuous gallop, through daylight and dark, of 322 miles in 21 hours, with an average speed of 15 miles an hour, and without any formal rest period. That is surely an enviable record for a mere boy.

Nor have the marathon walkers gone extinct. True, "The King of Walkers," Edward Payson Weston, died last summer at the ripe old age of 90; but there are others still "on the hiker hoof." Payson had won honors in more than a thousand athletic contests and held besides, the distinction of having twice walked from Portland, Maine, to Chicago—a

distance of 1326 miles. He covered the ground in 26 days. Of course, there have been many cross-country walkers (New York to San Francisco) in latter times, but few of them have had the grit to make of the long hike a speed-time foot race.

The great rival of Weston – and as far our information goes, he is still in the flesh – is “Walking Dan” O’Leary. He is facile princeps the champion pedestrian. Since 1874 he has walked at least a 100 miles each succeeding birthday. He attained his 88th birthday during marathon year 1927 and celebrated the event by walking 102 miles from Jersey City to Chester Pennsylvania. From Chester he went to Philadelphia where he performed between the double-header ball game at the Phillies’ park. One of the old man’s stunts was sprinting 10 times around the bases in 12 minutes. He repeated this stunt the next day at the Polo grounds in New York.

“Walking Dan” at 24 came to America from Cork and shortly after took up pedestrianism. During 65 years of hiking he made many records in England, Ireland and United States. He claims to have walked 115 miles in 24 hours at Philadelphia, back in 1874. But then may be his memory is not as reliable as are his legs.

Anyhow he is a living argument in favor of much walking as a constitutional stiffener. He is 5-foot 8-inches tall, and straight as any self-respecting athlete ought to be. He lives on 50 cents a day, making them buy the vegetarian meals – and they are but two – on which he sustains his remarkable health. Best of all, and it is something as rare these days as a hot-spell in Sitka, Walking Dan rises at 5 a.m. and retires at 8 p.m.

Not everybody can, like these heroes of endless trails, go literally to lengths in running and walking. But nearly everybody can set up his own private record by running or walking the marathon of his own make and be physically the better for it. After all, the great health-producing factors, such as we know them from sane hygiene, are not innumerable as some statisticians on dietetics, on vitamins, on patent remedies etc. would have us believe. The great health-producers are few and tried; and we like to reduce them to three because that’s how many nearly everybody knows. Those who use them according to right reason will have found the elixir of life: the preservative of natural strength and the highway to the marathon of a long life.

Scientific Biographies

By John S. Boyd, B.Sc. ‘19

I. JOHN NAPIER (1550-1617)

JOHN Napier was born at Merchistoun – now a part of Edinburgh, Scotland. He lived through the years of the Reformation, and took a prominent part in the religious

and political discussions of his day. He wrote a commentary on the Books of Revelation with proposition and mathematical demonstrations, in which proposition 36, for example, shows that the apocalyptic “locusts” are the Turks and Mohammedans,

There was a craze in his day for enormously long numerical calculations. One contemporary, for instance, practically devoted his life to finding a numerical approximation to the value of $(3\ 14159\dots)$, and finally obtained it correct to 35 places of decimals – in fact, the character Sir Walter Scott gives to David Ramsay in the “Fortunes of Nigel” is exactly that of a typical sixteenth century mathematician.

Napier was impressed by the enormous labour of these calculations, and set about trying to find a means of simplifying them. The result was his invention of logarithms, which seems all the more marvellous when one bears in mind that Napier had no index notation to help him. The index notation was invented years afterwards by Descartes (the third in this series).

Napier thought of the relative motion of two points connected with one another in the following way:

As one point moved in a straight line with uniform velocity, the second point moved in another straight line with an accelerated velocity, so that as one point moved in a series of steps in arithmetical progression the other point would move in a series of steps in geometrical progression. He put these ideas into numbers and developed his system of logarithms.

II. JOHANN KEPLER (1571-1630)

In the year 1612, there was an unusually heavy vintage in Germany and it appeared that there would not be enough barrels to hold all the wine. The amount of wine which would go into a barrel of given shape and dimensions could not be calculated, so the astronomer Kepler at once took the problem in

hand. For many years, he had been working at problems which required the finding of areas contained by closed curves, and he had invented special methods of his own for solving these problems. These methods he applied to the wine tun, and wrote a book called “Nova Stereometria Doliorum” (a new method of measuring wine casks), published in 1615. This book is the earliest work on the subject now called “The Integral Calculus.”

Kepler was born near Stuttgart in 1571. His main contributions to astronomy is the group of three laws known as Kepler’s laws. He analyzed an enormous mass of astronomical observations, and discovered empirically the three laws according to which the planets revolve round the sun. Newton showed that his law of gravitation was the only one consistent with Kepler’s laws.

Ill-luck dogged Kepler all his life. He first succeeded Tycho Brahe as astronomer to Rudolph II, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, but this empire proved bankrupt and could not pay him his wages. Then his wife lost her reason and died; his second marriage was also unfortunate and, finally, he was deprived of an appointment he held for heresy, and narrowly escaped with his life.

He cast horoscopes and told fortunes, for which he charged heavily but his conscience seems to have pricked him for imposing on the credulity of his age, for he wrote: “Nature, which has conferred upon every animal the means of existence, has designed astrology as an adjunct and ally to astronomy.”

Out of it all, however, he gave the world the laws of planetary motion and the idea of the integral calculus,

III. RENE DESCARTES (1596-1650)

René Descartes, a French mathematician and philosopher, and a contemporary of Galileo, was born near Tours.

As a lad he suffered from ill-health. We read in Ball's "History of Mathematics" that "on account of his delicate health he was permitted to lie in bed till late in the mornings; this was a custom which he always followed, and when he visited Pascal in 1647 he told him that the only way to do good work in mathematics and to preserve his health, was never to allow anyone to make him get up in the morning before he felt inclined to do so; an opinion which I chronicle for the benefit of any schoolboy into whose hands this work may fall."

He became a soldier by profession, and he is said to have thought of a method of co-ordinate geometry—Cartesian Geometry, as it is now named after him—in three dreams which he dreamt while campaigning on the Danube.

He does not appear to have been a particularly amiable man. His appearance was forbidding, and his personality seems to have been even more forbidding than his appearance. He despised learning and art, except for their utility.

He is celebrated in mathematics for his invention of co-ordinate geometry, and in philosophy for his dictum, "Cogito, ergo sum"; a

dictum which called forth from Carlyle the comment: "'Cogito, ergo sum'. Alas, poor Cogitator, this takes us but a little way. Sure enough, I am; and lately, was not: but Whence? How? Where to? The answer lies around, written in all colours and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature."

SNOWBIRD

Gone is the sunshine—its cheering rays,
Flown are the bright and joyful days;
Hearts that sad and weary are, long
For the lovely snowbird's dulcet song.

No longer the world is gaunt and bare,
Laid is the garment white and fair.
Hark! The bells! Their distant merry tolls;
Nigh, from a tree the snowbird carols.

From the sunny South comes a warming breath
Awakening nature from seeming death.
The snowbird now sings on blithesome wing
Reminding us sweetly of the coming spring.

Michael Y. Ohno '30.

THE COWARD

Before the hostile army's might
His comrades make their final stand.
But he the coward takes to flight
He'd rather live than raise his hand.

But look within that silent grove.
The ancient stone proclaims their worth.
"Each with a hero's might, he strove
To win the cause, but fell to earth."

Thus will their deeds outlive the ages.
His too shall live, devoid of fame.
Their names, engraved on history's pages
Whilst his goes down in scorn and shame.

William Mayers '31.



EDITORIAL

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN'S READING EXCERPT

"THE State educates its youth for the sake of its own welfare, and even its existence. It shows, therefore, that it believes in the possibility of training children to be the kind of citizens it needs. The character of its citizens is the only hope of the State.

The dangerous tendencies of this day are due to laxness of parental authority. Old-fashioned obedience to parents has quite gone by.

If we are to have men of strong, true, honest character in the next generation, we must begin now to train the boys of this day into the ideals of principle which will produce such men.

It is a curious thing that while we know we must carefully train plants and animals, that we can't even neglect machines without rendering them worthless, we seem to think the way to bring up children is "to

let them grow spontaneously," as if mere food, clothing, shelter, and good surroundings were sufficient, and that the "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," were no longer needed.

There is dishonesty in business and politics today. Why not, when we call boys' robbing apple-orchards a joke? Lying is a matter of course in business. Why shouldn't it be common when parents lie to their children, threatening punishment they never give, and making other similar statements?

Parents should never be satisfied with books that are "no particular harm." The books must be of some particular good.

More time and thought should be given to the study of what are the best books for children, and more time to reading books to determine which are the best suited."

INTEMPERANCE

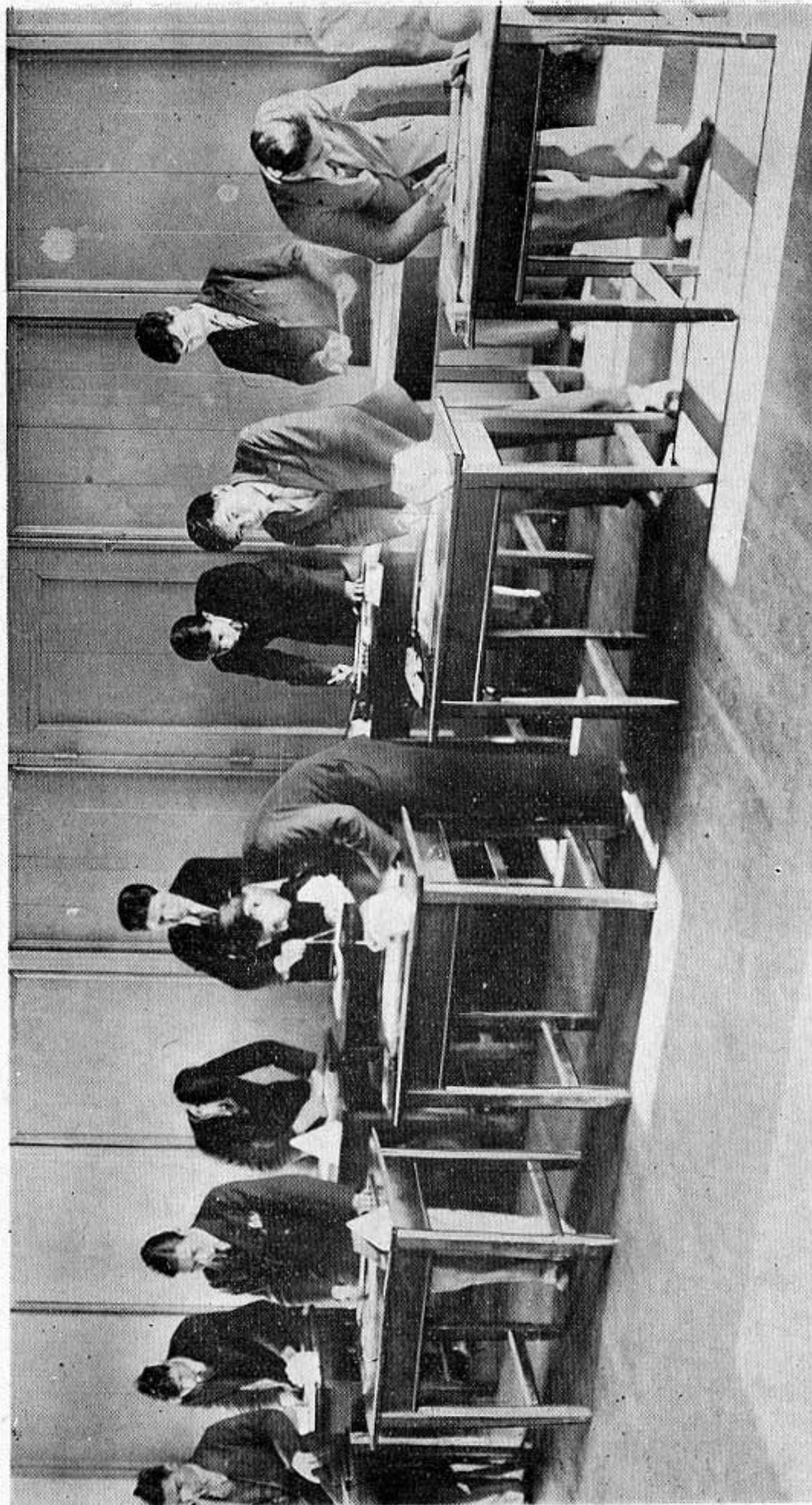
By Michael Ganin '30

"THE clearest and the most powerful minds of great men of all ages in business or in other callings were those who never drank to excess or indulged in the pleasures of the table."

The energies of the most powerful are blighted by the bowl. It robs the brain of its power and enslaves the will,

Mr. L. O. N., the son of a retired millionaire, inherited the vast estate of his father. In his early years he had been a roaming vagabond, a typical tramp of the roads living to satisfy his cravings for drink.

His father disinherited him in a fit of disgust, and only reconciled on his death-bed, the heart-broken parent turned over his vast estate to this



SENIOR MECHANICAL DRAWING CLASS

profligate, giving at the same time words of kind advice. The son was struck with remorse and encouraged with his new fortune, he signed the pledge and for several weeks not a drop of liquor passed his lips. He thought that the habit was conquered, and gloried more in that belief than in possessing a fortune.

But this was not to last long. Only a few weeks had elapsed when his usual friends surrounded him, desirous of assisting him to invest his money properly. Through their seemingly good friendship and winning smiles a convivial sip was indulged. The magic charm was broken. L. O. N. was a doomed man.

His career of profligacy commencing in earnest, his money was spent fast and wastefully; his gambling and drinking friends were constantly at his side, oiling him with gross flattery and commending his liberality, and taking extraordinary precaution to deprecate L. O. N.'s hard fight with life in the past, the loss of pleasure to which his wealth now restored him; they explained and proved how

foolish it was to consider his estate when he had here more than he could do to discover the proper ways of pleasure in which to spend it.

Especially were the races the magnet of attraction. Wine dealers' faces were constantly wreathed in happy smiles; every dollar went for good cheer.

The light of day was just dawning, the value of a dime seemed greater. He commenced to think, to live more carefully, to drink far less.

Fear took possession of his soul, but his associates laughed it away and all agreed that a man with so many friends could not come to want; yet the time arrived when his thoughts reverted to the day on which he had inherited a fortune; now he had not a dollar of it left.

He saw all there was in life and realized there was not a person who had profited by his liberality who would as much as follow his corpse to the grave.

"Use if you must, but do not abuse."

LABOR LINGUAE?

By Michael H. Ohno '30

LONG, long ago, when this old world was in its tender infancy, there was, by the verdict of Holy Writ, but one tongue for the whole of mankind. But alas! on account of the conceited project of the Tower of Babel, God saw fit to confuse human tongues and so has it been ever since. Now, among the various nations, civilized or barbarous, scattered over this round earth, the Germans are conspicuous

for their tendency to name things by words somewhat resembling the tail of a rat. The tank, that murderous instrument which in some respects, is homogeneous to a turtle, is identified in English by a word of four letters, t-a-n-k. Well, in German a tank is - hold your breath - "Shutzengrabenverruhtungsautomobil." There you are, quite simple, once you know it.

When I say that the German language has long words, I am not saying that the English has only short ones. It too has its jaw-breakers. Formerly - perhaps still at present - people prided themselves on their words of "learned length and ponderous sound." Especially did professional time-killers spend hours in contributing a great deal of their ignorance to adjusting suffixes and prefixes to root-words.

Someone came across the word, "unproportionableness" which has 21 letters, and claimed it to be the longest. Others soon knocked flat his claim by presenting words like "disestablishmentarianism" - 24 letters; "antitransubstantiationanism" - 29 letters, and so forth. Strange to say, even the scientists caught the mania and hooked up such monstrosities like "Dychlorhydroquinonedisaliphonic."

Everybody - whether king, emperor, president, lawyer, author, artist, poet, musician, tramp or beggar; that is in one word or in fact several words: men or women, young or

old, rich or poor, in whatever place, under any circumstance - did not, do not and will not surpass Charles Kingsley, who in his "Water Babies" wrote this fantastic word: "Nec-obione-paleotnhydorckthonanthropopithikology." To save you the trouble of counting, I'll tell you the number of letters it contains; it is 47. As to its meaning it is beyond human competence. "If," said a generous English gentleman, "a person can pronounce the word, I will give him half of Germany." I doubt whether the author himself could have articulated it.

A humor-loving professor in a certain Japanese university asked his scholars: "What is the longest word in English?" No one dared answer him. The latter with an air of a philosopher with an empty stomach declared: "*Smiles!* Don't you see? There's a mile between the two s's." Ah! had the professor only thought of 'beleaguered' he might have had a triple ascendent over the minds of his youthful guessers.

THE GENUINE JAPANESE

By Karl Alt '30

A TRUE blue Japanese is the combination of a Spartan knight and an Athenian sage. Naturally, Japan too has its "mobos" who copy all the vices and none of the virtues of the Occident, reducing themselves to mere slaves of fashion.

Why may the native of this land be called a Spartan? For this answer open any page of a history text, and it will speak but of bravery, prowess and loyalty. During

the wars between the Nancho, the southern emperors, and the Hokucho, the northern, a self-sacrificing veteran warrior, who burned with ardent love for his emperor, stood up to defend his lord against nearly all the other powerful nobles. After fighting valiantly and defeating the armies of the Hokucho with a handful of men and only unheard of strategies, he was finally killed. The name of this hero is known through-

out Japan as Masashige Kusunoki or The Great Nanko. His son Masatsura faithfully followed in his steps and was also killed while still in his prime. If there be any unbelieving Thomas, let him refer to the chapter of history bearing on the Russo-Japanese War, and there he will find plentiful illustrations of what I mean. The average Japanese has a penchant for soldiers and soldiering. We know it from the Sino- and Russo-Japanese Wars. But his militarism is strangely paired off with an inborn love of the beautiful. He may act with Spartan severity

during tumultuous periods but when peace returns, he is as gentle or even gentler than nationals of other climes. His soul is easily swayed by the charms of poetry and song. He has a passion for flowers, landscapes, paintings, of masterpieces in porcelain, and anything that comes under beauty or art. Therefore, he may be called an Athenian. He is proud of his Yamato Damashii the combination of prowess, loyalty, courage, gentleness and wisdom. Let Yamato Damashii live on in the hearts of the children of the Island Empire!

PERSONAL INTEREST AND THE MAKING OF A SCHOOL MAGAZINE

By George Mayers '30

PERSONAL interest, is the one sustaining factor in the making of a school magazine. Without it, nothing can be done; and if despite its lack, there should be something, that something can be branded as careless and indifferent. Without this indispensable element there can be no team-work among the members of the staff nor that generous self-sacrifice that overcomes the usual difficulties in the way of producing a representative and high-class College organ.

The various contributions call for this personal interest. If we look upon our diverse essays as but imposed burdens and think, the sooner we get finished with them the better, then the work we do will reflect that animus. Our work will be "cut and dried," full of hackneyed quotation, and skimpy of just those very things that young people most

like to put into writing. There will be poor plots and shallow thoughts and bad form. A good standard magazine is all in the other direction. Anybody can write improbable and dry stories in an uninteresting way and for such there are no readers and, consequently, no subscriptions. Thereafter a death-blow can be dealt the magazine by the most trifling mischance.

Generally, the advertisements make a college magazine possible. Here again if even a few staff members underrate the importance of their share of time and trouble to secure the means by which chiefly the magazine supports itself, then there is a vital lack of interest displayed. Often students go for ads and laugh when they have failed; offering in palliation, the selfish excuse which runs: "that's not my business, it's the school's."

Such is not my policy. To sell ads means to sell ideas; you have to have them first before you can sell them. I feel that my ambition to be a topnotch ad-collector is both a service of loyalty to my school magazine now as well as a service to myself for later on.

An interested student will intelligently seize the ideal which his

college magazine embodies and realize that it is the students' responsibility and reputation. The essays, compositions and poems will be the product of their utmost efforts. They will be racy and pleasant. Only by the combined efforts of the staff and contributors can a suitable result be attained. In short, personal interest is the soul of any school periodical.

PATIENCE

By Hiroshi Oka '30

PATIENCE is and always shall be one of the most important roads to success. There is a legend in Rhineland that runs thus:

"Once upon a time a giant fortress was besieged by an enemy. The heavy artillery of the besiegers consisted of a single cannon. When this unit of artillery opened fire, the enemy was greeted with shouts of laughter; still the gunner kept steadily firing his piece, aiming at one single spot on the outer wall.

"The knights' merriment on the inside of the fortress grew wilder and more pronounced; but every day, the fire of that solitary cannon went on. Kegs after kegs of powder were used and after a week, a stone of the wall was shattered to fragments. Still the cannon roared on implacably; at the end of a month the stone in the rear crashed in. The unit of artillery

continued to belch forth flame and lead. Ten months lapsed by, and a breach had been made wide enough to admit the enemy. They poured in and captured the fort easily."

So it is with us. We have to keep pounding and pounding at the walls of success. If we have better equipment in the way of knowledge, we shall capture the fort in double-quick time. A victory after ten months of siege is not an uncommon thing in martial life, and it is nearly an impossibility in business. Nevertheless the patient will pound on whilst the fainthearted will quit just half-way, saying that it is of no use, which means that all the previously expended energy will have been utterly lost. So, boys, persevere to the end when you start anything worth while starting; there may be something in it after all.



WORTHWILE OF ADVERTISING

By Geo. T. Otani '30

BY looking thru newspapers and magazines we ascertain that the world spends millions of dollars on advertising. Why do people advertise? The answer to this question is simply because sellers want to make known to the public the goods they have for sale. The simplest way of bringing this knowledge before the public is to advertise in a magazine or in a newspaper. Although this will cost him a little he is sure to get some results out of it.

Are all ads of equal value? Surely not. Suppose a man can afford to have a full page ad, and he takes only a small space in one corner of a publication, people generally get the idea that his shop is a small one because it advertises only on a small scale. They will accordingly look up some other magazines and papers for more expanded ads on the goods they are after. Take any means of circulation, say like our Forward, and suppose you find a full-page ad, this will arrest the eye of even the most casual reader; he will, at once be anxious to know what the ad is all about. First he will look at the picture, then the name of the store and then the address, thus writing these catchy items behind his ears till the day when he will need the article

thus advertised. True not all ads will have a sudden result. It might take months before the shop will notice any effect of its advertising.

Take our present days, when the business seems to be so slack. It is possible that a part of this is due to the lack of advertising. Just because the business is so bad it is a greater reason for the shops to advertise, in order to have more customers, which will improve their business. If the business is getting on in a nice way, they may advertise some more to improve the business but if the business is bad, or slack, the people usually say that it is a waste of money to advertise. But I think this is not true. If the business is bad they ought to cut down the useless expenses and spend some money in advertising.

When ads are classified, the results are still more effective, though at first sight, one might think they would hardly be worth-while. The rates of the newspapers for even inches of space, dispel the suspicion.

Though it would be too much of a task to explain the psychology of advertising, it is precisely this that is warrant for the current phrase among business men that it pays to advertise.



A Precedent in the Line of Letters to the Forward

ALUMNUS Rustam S. Mehta has written in with unmistakable loyalty and reminiscent affection. We insert his letter verbatim in aid of pointing a tale.

"Dear Sir,

I have the pleasure of handing you herewith a demand draft for ¥30.00 which is the first salary I got from my father's office. I dedicate my salary for the benefit of the school which has trained me to earn my living.

After spending a most enjoyable vacation together with my brother and schoolmates I joined my father's office on the 2nd September. Thanks to the good foundation, I find my work easy and very interesting. I am beginning to understand my work and also found out that there is no easy going in an office.

Will you please remember me to all the teachers and give them my best regards.

Yours respectfully,

Signed: Rustam B. Mehta."

HYDROGEN MOLECULE SPLIT

A German chemist made "the greatest scientific discovery of 1929" says Dr. Hugh S. Taylor, president of the American Chemical Society. He has succeeded in splitting into two substances the hitherto supposedly indivisible element known as hydrogen. First proof of something forecast mathematically by the new

wave-mechanics. The chemist is Dr. K. F. Bohnhoeffler who was a 17 year-old lad in the German army when the World War came to an end. As we have recently had our troubles with hydrogen in the chemical lab, we thought, in revenge, to relay this bit of information to the Far East.



Another Letter from A Far-Away Friend

November 3rd, 1929.

Dear Mr. Gaschy,

I follow with keen interest the wonderful progress of St. Joseph College and the way it has risen from the ashes after the disaster of 1923. How delighted my poor dear Edward would be to see it rebuilt and prosperous as in days when he used to attend school there. Although I know nobody more of the boys there, I shall like to read about St. Joseph College, which for me is associated with so many dear memories.

Inclosed please find \$1 as subscription for the "Forward."

Wishing you and the College every possible success, I am sir,

Yours sincerely,

Signed. A. B. Vivenot.

1120 May Street,
Victoria, B.C.



Sankeien - Garden

Two New Teachers Arrive from United States



Mr. Aloysius Soden



Mr. George Fischer

SINCE the opening of the present trimester we have had a big press of work but we are now to be relieved of such pressure. November 21 was a red-letter day for Saint Joseph College. On that day, the *Asama Maru*, pride of

the Pacific on her maiden voyage to the Orient, brought us the long-expected colleagues from the United States. They are Messrs. Aloysius Soden and George Fischer, the one a Pennsylvanian, the other an Ohioan. The new teachers have come in order to replace Messrs. Joseph Janning and Francis Herner whose return to America last July we chronicled in our preceding issue.

The newly arrived professors, besides "having the goods," are keen to put their valiant shoulders to the S. J. C. wheel of education. That wheel, as all of the profession too well know, can be got to go round only with much expenditure of energy whereas it rolls forward generally by imperceptible stages. With us, roll *forward* it must for such is our very battle-cry. We cordially welcome the new associates for furthering the burdensome yet vital task. We rejoice in advance that we are to be the beneficiaries of their enthusiastic cooperation and invaluable services. We have not the least suspicion of a doubt that they will blaze pathways to success for the youths confided to us even as their predecessors have done before. Ad multos annos!

FRANCAIS

AH, JE SUIS SAUVÉ!

Karl Alt '30

Monsieur Lefort, un grand marchand établi dans une ville d'Extrême-Orient, s'embarqua un jour sur le vapeur Cymba à destination de Melbourne, pour un voyage d'affaires. Sans aucune aventure spéciale, le bateau passa l'équateur, puis, tout à coup, le temps qui avait été calme jusqu'alors, changea complètement. Le vent soufflait terriblement; les flots montaient de plus en plus; le ciel était couvert de nuages noirs et menaçants. Aucun autre vapeur n'était en vue, pas même une mouette. L'eau de mer, généralement si bleue, reflétant la couleur du ciel, semblait couleur d'encre. Le sommet des vagues noires se coiffait de blanc. De temps en temps le tonnerre grondait et les éclairs illuminaient le ciel et la mer.

Le vaisseau se débattait bravement contre les flots, s'y plongeait éperdument. Un moment, le bossoir disparaissait dans l'eau, puis le moment après, la carène se penchait à droite, puis à gauche presque à quarante degrés. Ce mauvais temps dura trois jours entiers. La nuit du troisième jour, M. Lefort alla se reposer tôt, parce qu'il se sentait mal—et qui ne se serait pas senti mal par un temps pareil!—

Cette nuit-là, la tempête semblait plus furieuse que les jours précédents, mais M. Lefort réussit néanmoins à s'endormir. Tout à coup un grand bruit se fit entendre. C'était le fracas causé par le mât de misaine que la foudre venait d'abattre. Le pont était parsemé d'éclats de bois du mât; le cadavre d'un marin tué par le mât tombant gisait là tout près. Deux heures après, le gouvernail fut cassé, et maintenant, le Cymba était réduit à l'impuissance, et livré à la merci des flots. Comme le mât de misaine était cassé, l'antenne de la T.S.F. était hors de service; impossible donc de demander du secours. Le Cymba était ballotté depuis une heure, quand, ô malheur! un choc formidable se fit sentir; le bateau vint de heurter contre un grand rocher de corail.

Ce choc subit, jeta le dormeur sur le plancher de la cabine. O ma tête! s'écria M. Lefort en portant ses mains à la tête.....Ah! je suis sauvé!..... Oh! ce n'était qu'un rêve!.....Il sortit de sa cabine pour aller sur le pont; le vent s'était calmé; le soleil souriait dans le ciel; le mât de misaine était bien en place, et le marin, qu'il croyait tué, travaillait diligemment comme de coutume: ce n'avait été qu'un mauvais rêve!.....

La Noce du Savant

H. Salter '30

Dans une certaine ville d'Allemagne où il y a une université, vivait un professeur, appelé Herr Bunsen. Quand il était jeune, il était fiancé à une jeune fille de bonne famille. Le mariage devait avoir lieu dans l'église un certain jour, à onze heures. La fiancée, désirant de n'être pas en retard, arriva à l'église à dix heures, mais Herr Bunsen n'était pas là. Onze heures, midi, une heure, deux heures, trois heures sonnent, mais du Professeur pas signe. Un messenger est envoyé à sa maison pour s'enquérir des raisons de ce retard. Où était le futur? On ne le savait, il n'était pas chez lui. Sur cela, la fiancée, navrée, quitta l'église.

En fait, le professeur, dans son laboratoire, absorbé par quelque recherche scientifique, se livrait le matin même du jour du mariage à des expériences de chimie et s'y était tellement intéressé qu'il ne faisait pas attention au temps qui fuyait. Quand par hasard il regarda sa montre il trouva qu'il était six heures de l'après-midi, et il se rappela sa situation. Vite il courut à l'église. Mais la fiancée était déjà partie. Herr Bunsen prit en dégoût la vie conjugale, qui présentait des ennuis pareils dès le début; aussi se décida-t-il à rester célibataire.

Gros Appétit

H. Monnot

Un honorable commis-voyageur arriva dans une petite ville de province juste à l'heure du déjeuner, à l'hôtel du Cheval-blanc. Quelques places étant libres à la table d'hôte, il s'installa et déposa sa valise auprès de lui sur une chaise inoccupée. Puis il dégusta de bon appétit la chère médiocre qu'on lui servit. Quand vint l'heure des comptes, le patron lui réclama 30 francs.

"Trente francs! s'exclama notre voyageur, mais je croyais que le déjeuner était de 15 francs par tête?" "C'est vrai, acquiesça l'hôtelier, mais je suis obligé de vous faire payer aussi pour votre valise, puisqu'elle a

occupé une place à table." Et il coula vers son client ahuri son sourire le plus persuasif.

Le commis-voyageur, dut se rendre à l'impeccabilité du raisonnement. Fronçant le sourcil, il tira lentement son portefeuille et tendit, sans mot dire, à l'amphitryon roublard, trois coupures de dix francs que ce dernier empocha satisfait.

Le lendemain, notre hôte revint; il était toujours accompagné de sa valise. Délicatement il l'installa comme la veille, sur une chaise voisine, puis il l'ouvrit: elle était vide.

Alors tous les compagnons réunis à table assistèrent à une chose bien

amusante. Chaque fois que les plats arrivaient à notre ami, il se servait, puis il posait quelque bon et gros morceau dans sa valise ouverte, en lui disant bien affectueusement :

"Tiens, ma vieille, il faut manger, tu as jeûné hier soir....."

Successivement, la valise béante engloutit un ravier de concombres, une omelette aux champignons, la moitié d'un poulet, une assiette de petits pois, trois livres de pain, deux litres de vin blanc, une salade, un

camembert entier, un compotier de fraises et un excellent café-marc.

Puis, fermant à clef sa valise — pleine maintenant, il alla trouver le patron de l'hôtel qui avait suivi le manège depuis le début avec un affolement croissant :

"Tenez, lui dit-il, en lui remettant 30 francs : cela fait notre compte, n'est-ce pas?"

Et, impitoyablement, devant l'aubergiste effondré, il ajouta froidement :

"Vous me retiendrez trois places pour demain, j'ai invité ma malle."

Chez Le Marchand De Bric-à-Brac

William Mayers '31

L'autre jour en passant dans une ruelle du quartier chinois, mes yeux s'arrêtèrent tout à coup sur une enseigne qui portait en grands caractères dorés : "Bric-à-brac." La maison qui portait cette enseigne était petite, composée de deux chambrettes seulement : le magasin et une chambre sur la cour. Une odeur peu agréable m'accueillit à l'entrée.

Dans la chambre qui servait de magasin, on pouvait apercevoir dans une confusion sans pareille, une quantité de vieilleries : papiers, rideaux, sabres, cadres, perruques, suspendus aux murs et couverts de poussière ; parapluies, cravaches et règles, pêle-mêle dans les quatre coins de ce taudis.

Sur le plancher, traînaient des casquettes, des crayons, des sacs, des pots, des assiettes, des lunettes, des statuettes, etc., le tout dans le plus grand désordre. Les toiles d'araignée se voyaient partout dans cette boutique d'où l'ordre seul était absent.

C'était la propriété d'un vieux Chinois qui, les mains dans son "futokoro" (espèce de grande poche) était assis là, les jambes croisées, un pince-nez à monture d'or sur le nez épaté. C'était le vrai type du marchand de bric-à-brac comme on les trouve à travers tout le Japon.

Curieux de voir les articles d'un peu plus près, j'entrai au fond de la boutique malgré le dégoût naturel que tout ce désordre m'inspirait. Tout y était silencieux et le marchand ne paraissait pas même remarquer ma présence, tellement il était occupé à fumer sa pipette, et à lire le journal.

"Bonjour," dis-je alors, pour attirer son attention.

Le marchand me regarda avec surprise et, je crois même, un peu de suspicion.

"Bonjour, répondit-il à mon salut. Qu'y a-t-il à votre service?"

"Montrez-moi, s'il vous plaît, quelques articles intéressants."

Immédiatement le petit homme se leva et allant rapidement çà et là, il essaya de son mieux, de me faire plaisir.

Des quatre coins de la boutique, il sortit toutes sortes de choses, vieilles et intéressantes, mais je n'y trouvai rien qui me convenait réellement et à toutes les propositions du marchand je secouai la tête. A la fin, le vieillard me montra un beau quartz d'une belle taille, qui excita fort ma curiosité. Je le pris entre mes doigts, et l'examinai soigneusement. Vraiment c'était un beau spécimen. Le marchand s'aperçut de l'intérêt qu'il éveillait en moi et de mon désir de l'acheter et il devait se dire en lui-même : "Ah ! ce petit monsieur m'achètera le quartz à un bon prix."

"Combien ce quartz ? Il est vieux déjà !" dis-je.

"Oui, monsieur, sans doute, il est vieux, mais d'autant plus précieux. Je vous le donnerai pour cinq yen."

Je compris que j'avais commis une erreur, et une grande, en montrant à ce rusé marchand mon envie d'acheter le quartz. Oh ! quel grand sot j'avais été.

"Mais, c'est trop cher," continuai-je.

"Non, non ! Le prix n'est pas exagéré. Vraiment, monsieur, si vous l'achetez à ce prix, vous ferez encore un bon marché."

J'eus alors une bonne idée. Je mis mon chapeau sur ma tête et dis : "Au revoir, c'est trop cher."

"

Sans plus regarder ni à gauche ni à droite je sortis de la boutique. Arrivé à la porte, je dis encore une fois : "Au revoir."

"Attendez donc s'il vous plaît, monsieur. Attendez donc," me cria le vieillard et il venait après moi et commença à me parler avec grande abondance de gestes.

"Monsieur, me dit-il, comme je faisais mine de quitter, vous ne l'achèterez pas si j'en baisse le prix à deux yen ! Mon Dieu ! monsieur, seulement deux yen !"

"Non, c'est encore trop cher."

"Trop cher encore ! Alors un yen. C'est vraiment à trop bon compte."

"Non," continuai-je en m'éloignant.

"Mais alors prenez-le pour cinquante sen."

"Ah ! bien, voilà un prix raisonnable. Donnez-moi le quartz et je vous donnerai cinquante sen."

Le marchand me le donna avec bien de l'hésitation. "Voilà," me dit-il d'un air désespéré comme quelqu'un à qui on arracherait l'âme.

En m'éloignant je me félicitai de la bonne acquisition que je venais de faire et du bon marché de mon échantillon.

Derrière moi, j'entendais mon bonhomme faisant le désespéré : "Oh ! ce n'est pas bien ! C'est trop bon marché !"

"Au revoir," dis-je, en admirant le beau spécimen qui alla ensuite enrichir ma collection.

Le notaire nerveux

S. J. Chew. '31

Un notaire avait été demandé en hâte chez un ami, afin de rédiger le testament de ce dernier qui était mourant. Le notaire, qui était un homme très nerveux, arriva quand le malade avait déjà expiré.

Cependant, il s'assit près du feu, frappé de la scène qu'il avait devant lui, et s'efforça de se donner du courage. Mais tout à coup, l'idée d'infection entra dans sa tête; aussi pour la chasser alluma-t-il sa pipe et fit-il semblant de retourner à sa maison, quand le docteur présent se se tourna vers lui et lui dit: "Que c'est horrible! Deux morts hier, et trois aujourd'hui, il me semble que l'extension que prend cette maladie est terrible!"—"De quelle maladie," au juste, demanda le notaire, "mon ami est-il mort si subitement?"—"Quelle maladie!" répondit le docteur, "mais c'est de la fièvre scarlatine!"—"Est-elle contagieuse?"—"Certainement!"—"Ah! que j'étais fou de venir ici," cria notre notaire, remettant la pipe dans son gilet! "Surtout ne craignez pas, monsieur le docteur, je vous prie, de me dire quels en sont les symptômes?"—"Une douleur vive dans les flancs?"

En vain, la servante et le docteur s'efforcèrent-ils de faire rester le notaire encore quelque temps, il n'y avait rien à faire, il se décida à retourner à la maison.

La nuit était froide et orageuse quand il monta à cheval et se mit en route. Il y avait trois mille à parcourir jusque chez lui. Obéissant aux coups de cravache de son maître, la pauvre cheval s'élança de toute la vitesse de ses jambes.

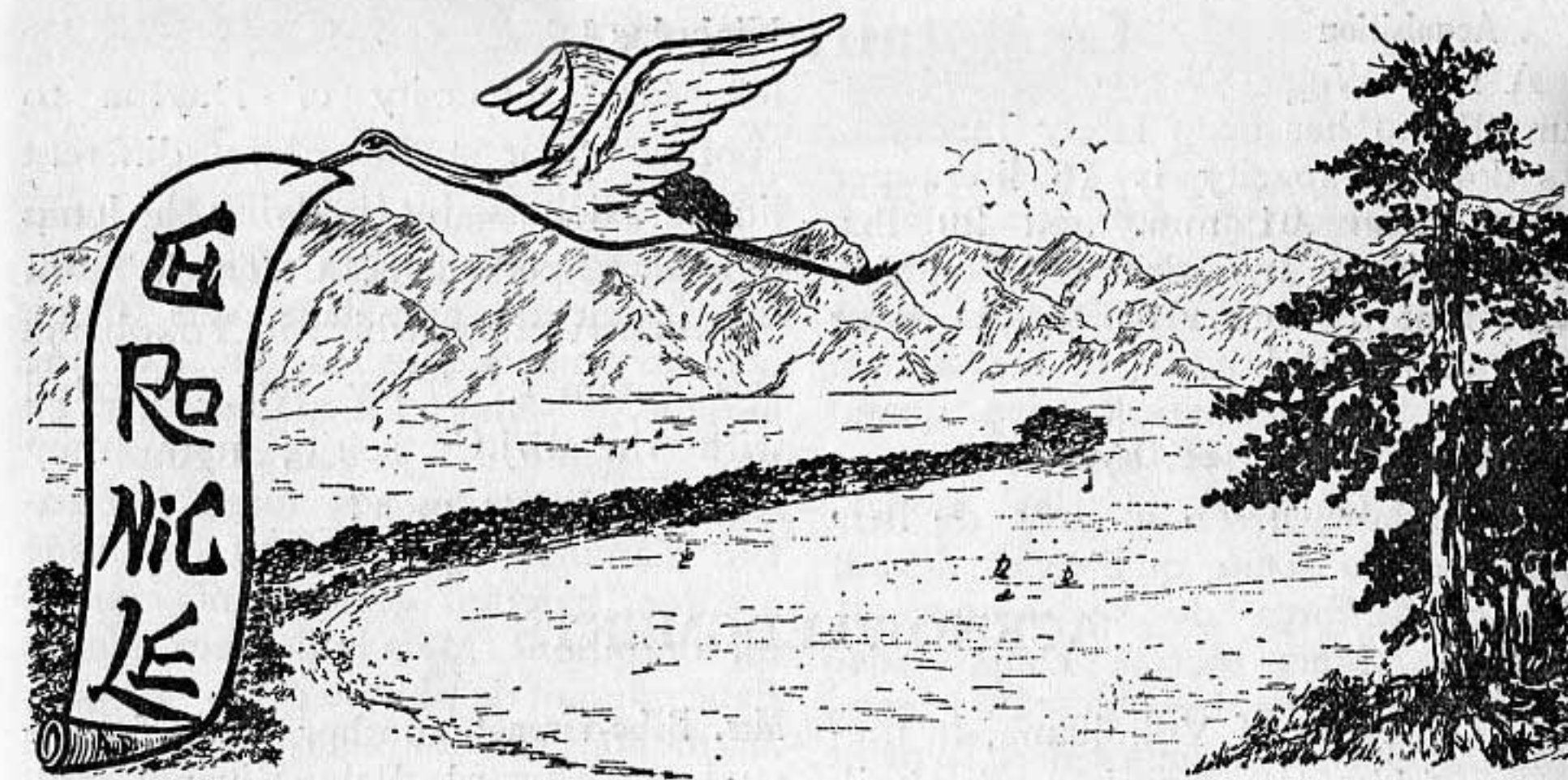
De cette manière un mille était vite parcouru. Tout à coup il sentit une douleur vive dans son flanc, comme une piqûre causée par une aiguille. "Ah! La maladie est en moi!" gémit-il "je suis atteint!"

Aussi de toutes ses forces pressait-il l'animal, qui courait à bride abattue, haletant et soufflant comme un tourbillon. Mais la douleur dans le flanc gagnait de plus en plus. Et pour augmenter son malheur, de la neige mêlée de pluie commença à tomber. Mais tout cela n'était rien pour lui, car bien que ses bras et ses jambes étaient gelés, il ne le sentait pas; le symptôme fatal de la maladie était en lui, et il devra mourir, non pas de froid, mais de la fièvre scarlatine.

Enfin plus mort que vif il arriva à sa maison. Il y avait une lumière dans la chambre de sa femme. Alarmée par les coups et les cris, la femme ouvrit la porte. "Ma chère femme!" cria le mari tout pâle, "donne-moi une chaise, je vais mourir sous peu, je sens déjà dans le côté la douleur, symptôme de la maladie qui fait rage actuellement."

Etonnée en entendant ces mots, sa femme le débarrassa de son pardessus. Quelque chose tomba sur le plancher. C'était la pipe. Elle plaça sa main sur le côté de son mari, pensant lui procurer quelque peu de soulagement mais, qu'est-ce que cela? Veston, gilet et chemise étaient troués, et sur la chair du côté une ampoule grande comme la main.

La mystère de cette douleur dans le côté était là: le notaire avait mis sa pipe encore allumée dans la poche de son gilet.



COLLEGE CHRONICLE

By George G. Mayers '30

Admiral Mouget of the Waldeck-Rousseau

The Admiral of the French Squadron in the Far East aboard the Waldeck-Rousseau favored us with a visit on the 29th of October. This was his first visit to the Orient.

As this event came so unexpectedly, no formal preparations could be made; however, a few songs were sung and selections on the Kolster were played.

Geo. Mayers, representing the student-body, read an address of welcome. The Admiral was very glad to see the students ardently studying his native tongue; moreover he was very much interested in the small boys of Mr. Higli. The Admiral, to express his delight, asked the Director to give us a holiday. We gave a hearty cheer and dispersed for the day.

Reading Club

A Senior and Junior Reading Club has been organized early in October.

Now magazines, pamphlets, and other forms of literature are being circulated among the boys. This Club was organized to help the students progress in the difficult art of composition.

Faculty Change

Mr. Germain, the maker of the S.J.C. far-famed football team, was transferred to Tokyo Gyosei and was replaced by Mr. Albert of the same College. We welcome our new teacher to St. Joseph College and thank him for his coaching, and the interest he takes in our football and other teams.

S.J.C. Growing

Since the earthquake of 1923, the S.J.C. family has been steadily growing and now we are 180 strong, from the tots in shorts to the faintly bearded seniors. The day is not far, when we shall stand on the pre-quake heights from which we formerly viewed the world.

Lab. Acquisition

A new Wegner Vacuum and Pressure Pump has been lately installed. Its double capacity is 16 liters per minute and .01 mm. and 20 lbs. respectively. It is driven by a 1/6 H.P. motor. Other lab assets have been announced.

Departure for "U" of Dayton

Lionel Galstaun, Carlos Lopez,

Nicholas Didishko and Reginald Price left for University of Dayton to continue their studies along different lines. Nicholas by throwing the lump of lead, helped the S.J.C. Track Team to win a victory whilst in Yokohama this summer. They left saturated with the S.J.C. spirit; may they return as great men!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mr. C. T. Mayes of Yokohama, in memory of his sons Jimmie and Cecil, donated a shelf of story-books to the College Central Library. The Library is still a weakling, and this will strengthen it a great deal. We are more than thankful to Mr. Mayes for his generous gift.

Mrs. Ethel Price of Takarazuka, upon the occasion of her son's graduation last July, has donated a beautiful wall clock with Westminster chimes. Our thanks to Mrs. Price.

Mr. D. Kennedy, who was the first to be taken in by last Forward's "*Please Do Not Read*" appeal, donated several parcels of books to the Student Library. Being a teacher and student, Mr. Kennedy sees the needs of the old College!

Mrs. Babo-Vivenot, mother of our former student Edward Babo-Vivenot '22, likewise made a gift of books. Edward was ever a stern supporter of the Forward; and the prop is still there!

Mr. A. H. Poole who was for many years a resident of 89 Bluff Yokohama, has cordially offered a generous stack of standard music books, in aid of developing violin and piano virtuosos. Mr. Poole surely knows the makings of an artist.

A Mother donated the generous sum of 2100.00 yen to the College to help along. The College has a heavy debt of 14000.00 on the new campus and this will make the burden lighter. She is a real mother to the College; and all her children give her their hearty thanks.

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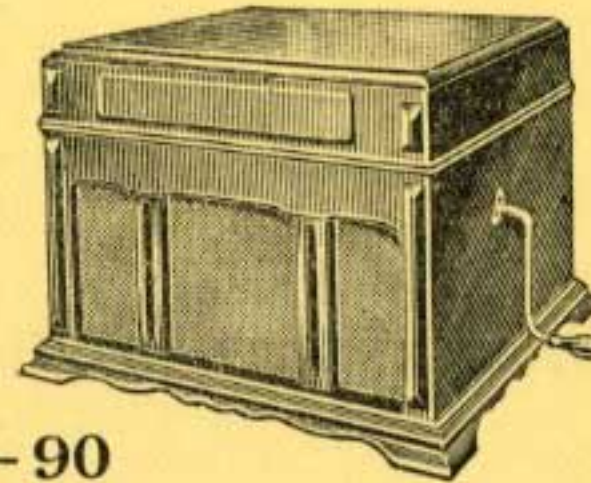


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H. Salter '30

L. M. Vania is now studying electrical engineering in Bombay. He has passed the Second Class Wiremen's Apprentice examination and in a short time he hopes to get a first class electrical engineer's certificate L. E. E. He intends to open an electrical shop. He shows very much school spirit in his letter and he reminded us to send him the Forward by all means. His address is 507-509 Chira Bazar, Bombay.

Nick Didishko '29 is getting along fine at the University of Dayton. He is impatiently waiting for a Forward and so are the rest of the boys there.

Mr. Tata formerly of this school is now living at Hommes, France. He recently licenced as aviation pilot. Just a bit prior to this distinction he succeeded in landing passengers safely upon a private property. He is one of the first amateurs to drive a passenger plane and to land them thus safely.

Lewis L. Shaw sent a post-card from Berlin and a letter from Dublin. He

has entered the St. Columba College there to get the run of the system of schooling. Later on he will enter either Cambridge or Trinity College. He finds the lessons easy owing to the excellent training given him at S. J. C. He is eager to have the "Forward" and sent his best wishes to all the teachers, students and old acquaintances of S. J. C. His address is c/o College of St. Columba, Rathfarnham Co., Dublin.

Mr. and Mrs. Galstaun wrote us from Honolulu while on their way to the States with their family. Lionel has written in a lot due to his keen interest in the fortunes of the Forward which he managed so successfully last year.

John M. Walker '28 went to Hong-kong where he will teach English in the St. Joseph College.

Alex Neary '28 of the sophomore class of the "U" of Dayton, tells us that he had a frightful experience when he had his tonsils cut out.

Mr. J. F. Janning, the former S. J. C. Senior teacher is now very busy in the big Cathedral Latin School, Cleveland Ohio, where he is teaching chemistry and other kindred subjects to numerous classes. He is not forgetting the old S. J. C. and he will be more often heard from later.

Reginald Price '29 who is now in the "U" of Dayton tells us he is still alive even after the pesterings of Freshman initiations. The gloss on

his letter-paper looked to us like a slight film of nostalgia.

Arthur B. Couto of the present senior class is working hard in the General Motor's College in Osaka. The class wishes him the best of success.

Kum Pow of the class of '30 was forced to leave school on account of sickness. He is at present in his native land trying to recover. We hope he will soon join us.



Lake Towada

YOKOHAMA INTERCOLLEGIATE SOCCER CHAMPIONS



K. Lee, W. Papendieck, Hiroshi Asahina, J. Sawai,
George Kikuchi, Herbert Schoene, Joseph Tsuji,
Thomas Turner, Michael Ganin, Oscar Low, R. Monnct

Collegian forwards attacked again and again but always shot wild. At half time the score stood 0-0. On resuming play the S.J.C. were away again and Turner scored the opening goal of the game. Turner scored two more goals in quick succession. The A. S. made occasional raids into our territory but our fullbacks kept them from scoring. Low and Ganin scored the fourth and the fifth goal. Lee made the sixth goal by netting the pill direct from the corner. A few minutes after this the A. S. made their first and last goal. Low completed the scoring by a grand shot.

Game vs. the "Waldeck-Rousseau."

The return match with the French cruiser "Waldeck-Rousseau" was played at the S. J. C. grounds on Thursday November 1st. It was a well-played game, each side attacking in turn. Ganin opened the scoring by shooting a very beautiful goal. The game continued without any side bagging but just before half-time the ship tied the score. The

French combination was deadly and two goals were netted. Ganin made another point with a swift low shot. A little before the final whistle the opponents again got in a shot. The game ended with the score 4-2 in favor of the boat.

Game vs. Y.C. & A.C. II team. Oct. 29.

The game took place at the Negishi grounds. After some scrappy play our center forward scored with a hard shot. The college continued to press but the shooting was erratic owing to the wind, but Monnot beat the Y.C. goalie with a baffling shot. At half-time the score was

Y. C. & A. C. 1

S. J. C. 2

Within a few minutes of the resumption, Turner scored our third goal. After a fumble by the Y.C. goalie Ganin got in his second shot of the day. Near the end of the game Ganin bagged another one, closely followed by Monnot and Low. The game ended with the score 7-1 in favor of the S. J. C.

List of the games of this season:

Oct. 2	...	Sanchu	...	2	...	S. J. C.	...	4
" 13	...	"	...	3	...	"	...	7
" 18	...	"	...	3	...	"	...	4
" 23	...	Macedonia	...	0	...	"	...	1
" 27	...	Y.C. A.C.	...	1	...	"	...	7
" 28	...	Waldeck - Rousseau	...	6	...	"	...	1
" 31	...	"	...	4	...	"	...	2
Nov. 2	...	American School	...	1	...	"	...	7
" 14	...	Nodai	...	6	...	"	...	1
" 16	...	Koko	...	1	...	"	...	6
" 21	...	R.M. Rawalpindi	...	2	...	"	...	4
" 23	...	Gyosei	...	2	...	"	...	6

The Championship Series.

This year a new Football League was formed comprising only Colleges.

THE KOKO GAME

We played the first game of the Championship at the Koko grounds against the Koko students. During the first half our forward by sure passes kept the Koko backs lively, but failed to score. The Koko forwards made frequent dashes into our territory but the backs kept them from scoring. By a free kick very near the penalty area the Koko got the target.

At the start of the next half, with a point against them, the S.J.C. forwards attacked violently and soon tied the score. By the beautiful centers of our two wings the inners easily got in three more shots in rapid succession. Once tasting victory the Saints were not to be denied; they got in two more goals before the end of the final whistle.

Score: Koko 1 ... S. J. C. 4.

ELEVENTH - HOUR SPORT INSERTION

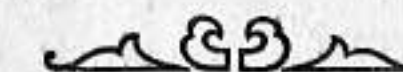
With the Forward already several days in press, the College soccer team does something so big that we may not fail to report it. The team turned in Saturday evening December 7 as recognized champions of the Intercollegiate Soccer League of Yokohama. Here is how the pedal balloonists did it:

Yokohama Higher Technical.....1 vs. S.J.C.....4;2 points

Yokohama Commercial0 (by default) vs. S.J.C.; 2 ..

Yokohama Higher Commercial...0 vs. S.J.C. 1; ... 2 ..

We wish also, in connection with this report, to extend our sincere thanks to all those who by their sympathetic encouragement of the team, helped along the good cause; especially have Mr. M. Luther and Mr. J. Miller distinguished themselves in this respect by their actual presence at these games.





J. Tsuji '30

HOME-BREWED and BORROWED HUMOR

Grinning Made Easy

A gent called at an address in Dublin where a quiet donkey was advertised for sale. His knock was answered by a small boy.

"I have come," said the visitor, "to see the donkey that's for sale."

The small boy called down to the kitchen:

"Father, you're wanted."

Fair Exchange

Buyer: "A yard of pork, please."

Butcher: "James, get the gentleman three pigs' feet."

Up in the Lab

"Say, Bill, what's this here nitrogen?"

"Oh that's a gas that comes out at night."

Thesaurus Needed

"I have been trying to think of the right word for two weeks."

"What about fortnight?"

Budding Physicist

Sophomore A: "I don't see how Freshmen keep their hats on."

Sophomore B: "Vacuum pressure, boy, vacuum pressure."

Perpetual Motion?

Bragger: "This clock will go eight days without winding?"

Thomas: "How long will it go if you wind it then?"

Athletic Ovine

Mr. Green: "Waiter, what kind of meat is this?"

Waiter: "Spring lamb, sir."

Mr. Green: "I thought so. I have been chewing on one of the springs since I sat down."

O.K. with the Mayor

A good man had just died and with unseemly haste an office-seeker came to the mayor applying for the job of the dead man who was not yet buried.

"Mr. Mayor," said the place hunter, do you see any objection to my being put in poor Bill's place?"

"Why, no," said the Mayor dryly, "I see no objection if the undertaker doesn't."

Could Really be Worse

Pop: "There is nothing worse than to be old and bent."

Sonnie: "Yes there is:—to be young and broke."

SOOTHING

A certain doctor was treating one of his patients who had pneumonia. The patient was rather nervous as he asked the doctor:

"Are you sure I will get well? I have heard that some doctors treat patients for pneumonia and later the patients die of tuberculosis."

"You have been misinformed," replied the doctor. "When I treat a patient for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia."

Just in Time

Exasperated Father: "Now, now, sonnie! What's the matter? Yelling like this in the middle of the night?"

Willie: "Boo-hoo I-I dreamed a crocodile was just going to bite my head off!"

"Well what are you howling for? You woke up in time, didn't you?"

Home Topics.

A Champion Liar in a Pinch

"CRASH!"

The window splintered under the impact of the hard-thrown ball.

The small boy who had thrown the ball regarded his handiwork with round eyes.

"I'm very sorry," he said to the occupant of the house, "but I've broken your kitchen window. I'll fetch my father along to mend it."

A man came round shortly after and put in a new pane.

"That'll be \$1.00," he said.

"But," protested the other, "the boy said you were his father."

"And he told me you were his mother," was the disconcerting reply.

LOST & WANTED

There was a young fellow named Izzie
Who went for a drive in his Lizzie;
His view of the train
Was hidden by rain;
Alas for poor Izzie, where is he?

VARYING EFFECTS

Difficile: "After reading P.W.'s jokes yesterday, I felt so low I could have marched under a duck's instep wearing a stovepipe hat. Then I turned to read yours (R.G.'s) and felt still lower."

FIXING THE CAUSE

"Mamma, I've got a stomach-ache," said Nellie, aged six.

"That's because your stomach is empty; you've been without your lunch. You'd feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the minister called and in conversation complained of a severe headache.

"That's because it's empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel better if you had something in it."

ATTENTION LABISTS!

Science Teacher (explaining experiment): "If this test is carried out injudiciously, we should probably all go through the roof. Come a little closer so that you can follow me better."

The Bravest of the Brave

The front of battle nearer drew,
From man to man the word went round:
That everyone hold fast and true
And not concede an inch of ground.
"Will ye stand or run away?"
The general thus addressed his lines;
"Will ye flee or hold the day?"
As on ye now the sunlight shines."
"We will!" the soldiers bold replied.
"What will ye?" bawled he back aloud.
"We will not!"—then the gen'ral sighed:
"I thought ye would; of ye I'm proud."

Side partner

Escaped

A donkey and a zebra met
Upon a grassy dale.
"Oh," said the ass "I never knew
That asses went to jail!"

Geo. Mayers

Yell and Yell

Jones—What is that shriek? what be that yell?
Mike—Why that is but a college yell.
Jones—A college yell! Let's go and see!
Mike—To see a school of dentistry!?
Not I, not I—nixee, nixee.

Side Partner

His Place Known

Teacher (to student who did not mind figuring among the rear-guard for the general class maneuvers):

"How are *you* getting along?"
(No answer from the valiant rear-guard)

Teacher, insisting:

"What is *your* place in class?"
(Rear-guard won't yield the secret)

Volunteer by-stander:

"Oh, he's the full back.

Boris Tretiakoff

POLYGLOT "GOOD-BY!"

Scythe: (a language school grad)—
"I know how to say good-by in seven languages: 'Au revoir,' that's French; 'Auf Wiedersehen,' that's German; 'A Dios,' that's Spanish; 'Sayonara,' that's Japanese; 'Vale,' that's Latin; 'Io regelt,' that's Slav; 'Pfamkloo,' that's Patagonian."

Sickle: (a chemical lab dweller)—
"Yes, and carbolic acid means good-by in all languages."

W. A.

PARALLEL ILLUSTRATIONS

The teacher had been explaining excusable homicide to the attentive moral class. By way of illustration, he adduced the hair-raising story of a friend who came within an ace of killing himself in consequence of joking with an old find of a revolver. With not the least suspicion that the old barrel held a remainder charge, he aimed the weapon at his head and pulled the trigger. There was but a

click. Then he aimed over his head into the air; there was a loud report with the whing of a bullet. The friend in question instantly grew pale as death and never after toyed with derelict pistols. Had he, however, killed himself—explained the teacher—the case would have been one of excusable homicide.

Student Skaredoff who, along with the rest of the class had been all attention during this true story, was the first to recover from the stiffening impression of this narrow-escape incident. "Now I am going to make them (teacher included) listen to me!" he must have thought.

"Teacher", he said, "something like that happened to my uncle. He was cleaning a gun. And it had no bullets. And when he finished the job, he aimed it in fun at the head of my cousin sitting on a chair not far away. And uncle missed him by only half a foot!!!" Then Student Skaredoff paused to see what the tale would fetch in scarifying comment. The teacher broke the suspense: "Well, my boy, your Uncle is a magician!"

Prof.



Springtime in Japan

EXCLUSIVELY FOR OUR S. J. C. BOYS

This last page, Boys, is for you only. You have been working like Trojans either to get ads or subscriptions. The editors were surprised to learn that, without a single pep meeting or even without any bit of encouragement at all from the office, you have somehow succeeded in securing the largest subscription list we have had for a long time. It is to show the wonderful work of the classes that we put down the following list in order that each class might be able to admire its standing in the "work together line-up." Here, then, is the approximate result of the great try at getting readers of the Forward:—

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1) Second High class | 121 subscriptions |
| 2) First & Second Prep class | 107 |
| 3) Sixth Year Prep class | 106 |
| 4) Fourth Year Prep class | 101 |
| 5) Senior High class | 78 |
| 6) Fifth Year Prep class | 74 |
| 7) First High class | 66 |
| 8) Third Year Prep class | 54 |
| 9) Junior High class | 14 |

Total... .. 721 subscriptions

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPS

M. Dave & J. Kern, each 26; S. Manley, 16; H. Luther, 15; S. Sano, 13 & J. Eyton, 13; O. Lopez & Russell, each 12; Yamamoto, Sakai & Planas each 11; Papendieck, Clarke, P. Blamey & B. Tretia-koff, each 10; J. Harris, 9; Chirskoff 7.

Besides this, a number of boys have shone a fine spirit by sending away their cards and thus trying to get subscriptions through the mails. The returns above listed not being final, we might safely count on a grand total of about 800 subscriptions. Splendid work, Boys! Splendid work!

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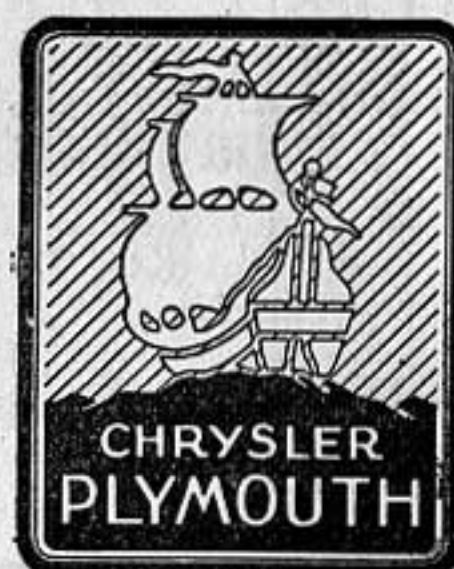
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